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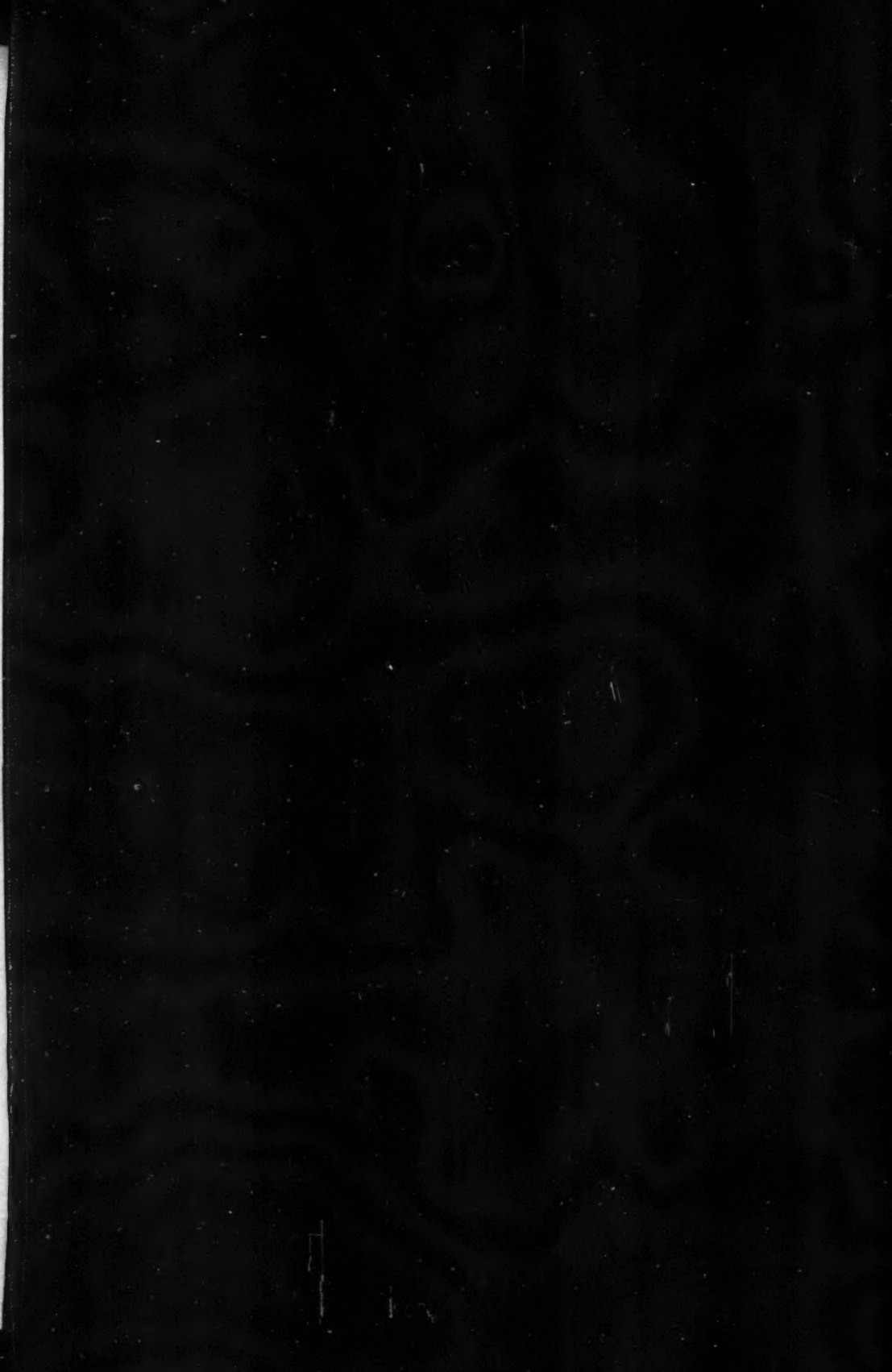
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{ From Beginning,
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TRUE LOVE.

IN this sweet summer, love of mine,
 When all the garden's gay,
 And any man may garlands twine
 Since flowers for that dear head of thine
 Grow thick by every way,
 I can but do what others do,
 They do no less than I —
 I twine and bring my garland too,
 Love and despair, and rose and rue,
 That thou mayst throw them by.

But when cold winds blow by-and-by
 And all the garden's sere,
 Not other men, but I — but I —
 Shall seek where hidden violets lie,
 And pluck them for thee, dear!
 Not they, but I, shall serve thee best
 When summer's leaves are shed;
 I shall bring flowers of love and rest,
 And thou shalt wear them in thy breast,
 When all *their* flowers are dead.

Argosy.

E. NESBIT.

AN ELEGY ON THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

[Suggested by a phrase in "Poets at Play," *Spectator*,
 December 22nd, 1888.

"OH! where are the quips of Trevelyan"
 For all the old lovers of fun?
 The odds against such are a million
 To one!

Oh! where have the wits, once so numer-
 ous, packed up their budgets and fled?
 In the Lapland of Politics, Humor
 Is dead.

The sword keen for lunge and for parry,
 Rusts now with the things not to be;
 No rapiers for Tom, Dick, and Harry,
 M.P.

The rapier of Tom is a bludgeon,
 And Dick thinks back-kicking a hit;
 And Harry believes a curmudgeon
 A wit.

The old royal standard of manners,
 Which floated o'er Westminster Hall,
 Did never anticipate Tanner's
 At all.

But breeding we never dissect, for
 Such trifles are laid on the shelf;
 Love of country no more means respect for
 Yourself.

Discussion has turned into racket,
 And speech has been banished for talk,
 Since the Crownless One took off his jacket
 Of Cork.

Now Silence is not worth a dollar,
 And Modesty voted a bore,
 While Riot and Impudence collar
 The floor.

The bright soul of Curran, which ran on
 With eloquence, fancy, and fun,
 Leaves heirs upon Liffey and Shannon
 Not one.

Hail Dulness, Pope's prophesied goddess!
 Thou only, enthroned upon Row,
 Inspirest our Iliads and Odys-
 eys now.

Once Whig'suffered Tory as brother,
 And Tory was playful with Whig:
 Now each side addresses the other
 As "Pig."

Now Senators sit upon tenter-
 hooks how to shout best to be heard;
 And "liar's" a mild parliamentar-
 y word.

They wander about in a loose lab-
 yrinth of splenetic Despair,
 Lit only by twinkles of douce Lab-
 ouchere.

Oh! place me on Sunium's marble
 Steep, where but the waters and I
 May Byron alternately garble,
 And die —

Oh! sink me in snows of December,
 Or scuttled ship leave me aboard,
 Make me tramp — pointsman — poet — but
 Member?

Good Lord!
 HERMAN MERIVALE.
 December, 1888. *Spectator*.

NOCTURNAL VIGILS.

WHY do you chide me that when mortals yield
 To slumber's charm, from sleep I ask no
 boon,
 But from my casement watch the maimed
 moon
 Fainting behind her ineffectual shield;
 Unto the chime by stately planets pealed,
 My song, my soul, my very self attune,
 And nightly see, what none can see at noon,
 The runic volume of the sky unsealed?
 Haply the time may come when grateful night
 Will these brief vigils endlessly repay,
 And, on the dwindling of my earthly day,
 Keep, like her stars, my heavenly fancies
 bright;
 And glorious dreamings, shrouded now from
 sight,
 Dawn out of darkness, not to sleep for aye.
 Academy. ALFRED AUSTIN.

From The Quarterly Review.
GAMBLING.*

ONE of the most fully attended sectional meetings of the recent Church Congress was devoted to a discussion of gambling and betting. The Town Hall was filled to overflowing, and more numbers than the hall could accommodate desired to listen to the onslaught of learned clerical speakers on the evils of the most prevalent vice of the age. The inability of the Church itself to cope with the mischief was fully admitted. The idea of the formation of a society to attempt the task was mentioned only to be rejected, and speaker after speaker cited public opinion as the only real power. Such an admission is in itself somewhat remarkable. Time was when the Church of England would have recognized no such inability. Even now we are by no means sure that all the religious communities of the United Kingdom would allow, that the work of discountenancing or even putting down a mischievous social habit was beyond their powers. But the Church is much in earnest in this question, and wisely seeks a strong alliance. Lay opinion did more to put an end to drunkenness in the upper classes of society than pulpit oratory. Men in the higher and middle ranks have long ceased to drink more wine than was good for them; but they have been moved to the abandonment of a custom of their forefathers, less by a feeling that it offended against morality or religion, than by the opinion that it offended against good taste. If the lower classes once are brought to understand that drunkenness is ungentlemanlike, drunkenness will disappear. Let it come to be admitted that a man who drinks too much is not a very fine fellow but a contemptible fool; and first public, and then private, intoxication will become a thing of the past. It is a

grave mistake to suppose that the lower classes have no canon of taste. It would be easy, were the task before us, to give many instances affording incontestable proof that the working classes of Great Britain have an abundance of fine feeling, which operates largely on their habits and modes of life. Already there are many signs that this influence is working effectually on the side of temperance, and that the day is coming when it will be as bad form for a working man or artisan to get drunk, as it is for a member of those classes whose example is still powerful for good or evil.

It is to the same influence that we must look for the discouragement of an even more baneful habit. That influence is at present absolutely quiescent, and vigorous efforts are apparently needed to rouse it. For we have good reasons for thinking that there never was a time when the taste for gambling was more widespread than it is now. It has, in fact, become a trade or profession. It is not so much that cards and dice abound, as that betting is universal. Every class of society, from the highest to the lowest, is more or less affected with a mania for betting, for the development of which there are unhappily ample opportunities. To what extent these opportunities prevail, and what has been their recent development, we propose presently to discuss. Meanwhile a brief glance at gambling as a whole may not be without interest.

Gambling has been condemned by ethical authorities of many generations. Aristotle classes the gambler with the thief and the robber;* and we can well imagine the loathing which the philosopher, who hated even usury, had for so useless a means of seeking wealth. Blackstone calls gaming "a kind of tacit confession that the company engaged therein do in general exceed the bounds of their respective fortunes; and therefore they cast lots to determine upon whom the ruin shall at present fall, that the rest may be saved a little longer." And Burton devotes a whole chapter of his "Anatomy of Melan-

* 1. *The Law relating to Betting, Time-Bargains, and Gaming.* By G. Herbert Stutfield. London, 1886.

2. *Tempted London (Young Men).* London, 1888.

3. *The Gaming Table.* By Andrew Steinmetz. 2 vols. London, 1870.

4. *History of Playing Cards.* By D. A. Chatto. London, 1848.

5. *The Guardian*, October 3, 1888.

* ὁ μὲν τοι κυβερτῆς καὶ ὁ λωποδότης καὶ ὁ ληστὴς τῶν ἀνίλευθέρων εἰσὶν, αἰσχροχεροὶς γάρ. (Aristot. Eth. Nic. iv. 1, § 43.)

choly" to a vigorous denunciation of gaming.*

What is gambling and what is its wrong? A learned writer of modern days condemns the gambler on the ground that he desires to acquire without earning. But this answer will not bear close examination. The man who invests money in consols acquires without earning, and if earning were made a condition of acquisition, the employment of capital would be impossible in all cases where the capitalist was unable to supervise its employment. Nor does the evil lie in the risk. At times enormous profits are made by trading. Hallam † asserts that the interest of money was exceedingly high throughout the Middle Ages. He quotes a speech of Doge Mocenigo, reckoning the annual profit made by Venice on her mercantile capital at forty per cent. The speculator, who buys largely in one part of the world goods which he hopes to sell at a profit in another, runs grave risk. The miner, who spends all his wealth in prospecting for a valuable metal, runs grave risk. In every one of the myriad fields of commerce, there is hazard in the working, and ruin, as utter and as ghastly as any which has whelmed the gambler, may at any time overthrow the honest but unsuccessful tradesman. Nevertheless, though speculation may lead to rashness and be censurable, it is not gambling. Its harm is not *ejusdem generis*. Gambling may be said to be the risking of larger sums than a man can afford, on ventures over which his own industry can exercise little or no control. And its evil lies in this. When two or more men gamble, the winners win and the losers lose, but there is no possible benefit to any one else, except maybe the owner of the building where they play. Commerce, even when wildly speculative, benefits some one. But by gambling no good is done to the world. In this fact lies the *αίσχροχερδεία* of the gambler. He spends his time and his energies in that which can be of no good. As a matter of fact, as we shall hereafter show, it is productive of enormous evil. But the disgrace of the means which the

gambler adopts to gain his end lies in this essential, that it benefits no one. It is a pure waste of time.

Gambling has prevailed in every era and in every clime. Casting of lots was frequently adopted by the Israelites; Saul being thus chosen for one destiny, and Jonah for another. "The Hindoo code," says Steinmetz,* "a promulgation of very high antiquity, denounces gambling." Herodotus † refers to a story told by the priests of Egypt, that one of their kings gambled with Demeter in the infernal regions; and Plutarch ‡ relates a fable of Hermes gambling with the moon. In China gambling prevailed from the earliest times, and cards were known to the Chinese long ere they were introduced into Europe. Steinmetz tells us that the Greenlanders gamble with a board and a revolving finger-piece, and that the African negro uses shells as dice. Many Indian tribes of North America are determined gamblers. The Mahabharata, the old Hindoo epic, describes a gambling match between Yudhishtiva, chief warrior of the Pandavas, and Satruni, prince of the Kauravas, in which the latter by cheating won all the possessions of the former, including a lovely queen, with the result of a murderous conflict. In Persia, dicing was a fashionable diversion, and Plutarch § relates a story of Parysatis, mother of Cyrus, who played with the king her husband for the slave who had slain her son, and inasmuch as she excelled at playing a certain game with dice, won him; a statement which seems to point to the conclusion that, even in such early days and such high society, the operations of chance were not always left uncontrolled.

In Greece, gambling prevailed to a vast extent. Homer describes Penelope's suitors as playing at draughts, || and Patroclus lost his temper at dice. ¶

We have mentioned Aristotle's cold censure. Steinmetz quotes Callistratus's condemnation of high play, the games in

* The Gaming Table, p. 3.

† ii. 122.

‡ De Isid. et Osir., c. 12.

§ Artaxerxes, c. 17.

|| πεσσοῖσι προπύροιθε θυράων θυμὸν ἔτερπον, Od. i. 107.

¶ ἄμφ' ἄσπραγλοῖσι χολωθείς, Il. xxiii. 88.

* Anatomy of Melancholy, iv., c. 13, 8.

† Hallam's Middle Ages, vol. iii., p. 337, ed. 1860.

which the losers go on doubling their stakes, resemble ever-recurring wars which terminate only with the extinction of the combatants. The Romans loved gambling with tessera and talus, and betted largely on the circenses. Augustus had and deserved the reputation of a gambler, though he did not mind it, *aleæ rumorem nullo modo expavit*.^{*} Claudius played eagerly, and wrote a treatise upon gambling.[†] Seneca fancies Claudius in the lower regions condemned to play dice with a box without a bottom. Domitian often played all day long,[‡] and many of the other emperors did the same. Oddly enough, Horace nowhere pours on gambling the scathing satire with which he lashes other vices; the reason may have been that so many of his patrons played, or did he "compound the sin he was inclined to"? The fact, however, remains that one allusion to *vetita legibus alea* § is his only reference. Even Juvenal scourges gambling lightly, using rather the *scutica* than the *horribile flagellum*, and condemns the selfishness of high play rather than the habit of playing at all. || Sallust attributes to Catiline the friendship and the following of men who by gambling had dissipated their inheritance. All gambling was forbidden by Justinian,[¶] and earlier the penalty of *infamia* seems to have been incurred by those who were convicted of gaming.^{**} But games of chance were lawful at the Saturnalia, and public opinion allowed old men to amuse themselves thus.^{††} There can be no doubt, however, that the gambler was, in the republic at least, held in disrepute.

Coming to more recent times, and to nearer countries, we find that in the four-

* Suet., Aug. 71.

† Suet., Claud. 33.

‡ Suet., Dom. 21.

§ Hor., Carm. iii. 24, 58.

||

Major avaritiæ patuit sinus? alea quando
Hos animos? neque enim loculis comitantibus itur
Ad casum tabulæ, posita sed luditur arca.

... Simplexne furor sestertia centum,
Perdere et horrenti tunicam non reddere servo?

Juv., Sat. i. 88-92.

Elsewhere, however, he speaks of "alea turpis . . . mediocribus" (xi. 176) and "damnosæ alea" (xiv. 4).

¶ Cod. 3, tit. 43.

** See as to this, Cicero, Phil. ii. 23, 56.

†† Plaut., Curc. ii. 37, 5; and Cic., De Senect. 16, 58.

teenth century, Alphonso of Castille endeavored to prevent gambling by founding an order of chivalry in which it was forbidden; and later, John of Castille attempted to do the same by edict. In spite of several lukewarm attempts to prevent it, gambling ever thrived in France. Charles VI. lost five thousand livres one day to his brother. In the reign of that monarch flourished the Hôtel de Nesle, where —

Maint gentilshommes tres hault
Ont perdu armes et cheveux,
Argent honeur et seignourie.

and

Joueurs experts deviennent Rufien
Joueurs de Dez gourmands et plains d'Yvresse,

and to the same reign is attributed, not perhaps with good reason, the introduction of cards into Europe.* Henry III. gambled at tennis, a game which in late times has been absolutely free from such a reproach. *Notre grand Henri* was a gambler from his youth, and fostered, if he did not invent, the system of playing on paper or by vouchers, which perhaps more than any other has led to the development of high play, and stakes quite beyond the means of the players. There are many stories of the cupidity, the meanness, and the rashness of a king, who in many respects deserved the admiration of his subjects. Under him *académies de jeu* were established, to which all classes of society were attracted, to follow the example of the court. Huge sums were lost by distinguished officers of state. Biron in a single year was half-a-million of crowns to the bad. The well-known diplomatist and courtier, Bassompierre, flourished for many years on his winnings, but ended, like many other successful gamblers, in penury and wretchedness. An Italian named Pimentello, whom Sully seems to have called a *piffre*, or greedy

* For a long while the invention of cards was believed to have occurred in the reign of Charles VI. in consequence of the researches of Père Menestrier, who found a memoir on the subject of some cards painted by Gringonneur, from which he assumed that these cards were the first examples. But traces of much earlier cards have been discovered, and there are many reasons, too long to examine, for the opinion that cards were introduced into Europe by the Gipsies or Zingari somewhere in the thirteenth century.

guts, won large sums by dexterity rather than good fortune. The example set by the king was followed by all classes of Parisian society, and in the teeth of the law magistrates and judges sold permissions to play. Louis XIII. was less of a gambler than his predecessors or successor, and the law which was made more stringent was to some extent obeyed. But with the Grand Monarque, the court became again infected with the passion for play, and the habit spread to mercantile and provincial societies. Mazarin, master of finesse in cards as in politics, played himself, and encouraged others to pursue an occupation which he knew would add to his own influence. Occasionally a show was made of respectability. In 1643 a wretched blacksmith was scourged for keeping a table, and in 1655 Parliament forbade cards, dice, and billiards. Nevertheless, play prevailed in the palace, in the barrack, and in the hovel. Madame de Motteville says that, at the time of the Fronde, just before the flight, the courtiers were playing, and that Mazarin went on with his game, while his servants packed and removed his valuables. Condé, Conti, and Longueville, consigned to the Bastille, found no beds provided, so got cards and played all night. Maria Theresa played deeply, and with bad fortune. And Mazarin, to whom she applied for money, had the impertinence to rebuke her for being "liberal with the life-blood of the people." Mazarin is believed to have played on his deathbed, and De la Roche painted a picture of him employing others to play when he was beyond playing for himself. All sorts of persons played, and play was a passport to the best society. Dangeau, *le singe du roi*, as he was nicknamed, owed his advancement more to his gambling than to his rhymes or his mathematics; and Langlée, son of a flunkey, because he knew how to play and when to give presents to the king's mistress, was freely admitted to the presence of the most ceremonious of monarchs. Monsieur was as fond of play as his brother, but, with the superstition of gamblers, never permitted Madame to be present, because she brought him bad luck.* It was not thought an insult to Monsieur's memory that, on the day of his death, the Duc de Bourgogne and other nobles played at *brelan* in his apartments before his corpse was cold. The same thing occurred on

the death of the king's own grandchildren, and St. Simon tells us that lansquenets tables were set out at Marly when the dauphin and dauphiness were lying unburied in another chamber. Later, the Duchesse de Berry was forced by the king to lay aside her deep mourning and frequent the play-room. At the death of the great king, gambling had deprived the French nobility of all interest in their country's welfare. The sovereign was supreme, the power of the aristocracy undermined. This is what Mazarin intended. We may doubt whether he foresaw the results which followed later.

Roué as he was, the regent seems to have made some *bond fide* attempts to check gambling. But the tide was too strong, and for a time even rose. The Scotchman, John Law, author of the Mississippi scheme, got himself made controller of finance, and promised to restore the finances of the nation by encouraging play. He established a bank which he conducted in his own interests, and nearly ruined the State. Many thousand Frenchmen (Steinmetz says six hundred thousand families, but does not quote his authority) lost everything they possessed. Eventually Law was expelled,* and like many other successful gamblers was reduced to absolute penury. When he was in his zenith the Duchesse de Berry lost in one night seventeen hundred thousand livres. Louis XVI. cared nothing for cards, but Marie Antoinette kept up the vicious habit. After the Revolution the *sans-culottes* played at street-corners, and the Palais Royal became the centre of popular gaming-houses. Mirabeau played, and was robbed while doing so in the house of an actress. In the Rue Richelieu was a gambling-place of the lowest kind, the refreshment being beans and bacon, and the couches wooden planks. The republic, revelling in excitement, did not deny herself the excitement of play. Citizens gambled with all the frenzy, if not with all the meanness, of the *ancienne noblesse*, whom they flattered by the imitation of one at least of their vices. Play produced all its attendant evils, but passion being less controlled, those evils took a more than usually malignant form, and murder and robberies abounded. The first Napoleon gambled with kingdoms, but not with cards. He despised men who were gamblers in the ordinary sense. When Las Casas in exile admitted that he had played,

* See a letter from Madame, dated from Marly, August 6th, 1700.

* Steinmetz says, "like a foul fog." If he had only explained how a foul fog is expelled, a good many Londoners would have thanked him.

Napoleon said he was glad he had not known it, as gamblers were always ruined in his estimation. A story is told of his having sent Junot in 1796 to play in order to accumulate funds for the Italian campaign, but there are reasons for disbelieving it. Napoleon in St. Helena played, chiefly at whist and piquet, but only for small sums and as a pastime. In the Code Napoléon it was provided that no action can lie for a gaming-debt or for the recovery of money lost in a wager. Fouché in later days made for the government considerable sums by selling permissions to farm gambling-tables. The net yearly profits of one house alone were much over a million francs. Till 1837 public gambling was common enough in Paris. Since then some effort has been made at concealment, though it is openly practised at the clubs at the present time.

Play has been common enough in England from the earliest times, though it is probable that gambling was never so prevalent as now. In 1527 Latimer preached a sermon at Cambridge in which all the metaphors were based on card-playing. Roger Ascham, in the days of the Virgin Queen, satirized the methods by which knaves lure on fools to play. In "Basilicon Doron" the author could not agree "in forbidding cards, dice, and other like games of hazard."

The Puritans, as might be expected, eschewed cards, "the Devil's books," and, as was also to be expected, play returned with the Restoration. The improvement of the breed of horses in that reign, consequent upon the importation of a number of horses from Tangier, encouraged racing, which, rapidly becoming a national pastime, increased so much as to call for legislative interference. In the sixteenth year of Charles II.'s reign, the earliest statute * to restrict the power of enforcing gambling-debts was passed. What it did was to impose a penalty on gambling by fraud, and to enact that any one losing

more than 100*l.* on credit should not be compelled to make his losses good. It is probable that the intention of this portion of the statute (section 3) was to limit the amount of losses to that sum. Mr. Evelyn gives an account of the king opening the revels, by throwing the dice himself in the privy chamber, "where a table was set on purpose, and he lost *his* 100*l.*," where the use of the personal pronoun would seem to have clear reference to the act. If this was the case, the statute, which in terms did not forbid playing except on credit, failed of its desired effect. For the king's mistresses played deeply, and their example was widely followed. Pepys * declares that Lady Castlemaine lost 25,000*l.* in one night, and records at length his visit to the "Groom Porter's," a gaming-house in Lincoln's Inn Fields, saying, how "glad I was to see the manner of a gamester's life, which I see is very miserable and poor and unmanly." Moll Davis lost a large sum to one Colonel Pantton, who seems to have used the old trick of placing his opponent with her back to the looking-glass. With the money he won at gambling, Colonel Pantton acquired an estate near Leicester Square, the reputation of which is assuredly worthy of its origin. Nell Gwynn kept a basset table both at Pall Mall and at Burford House in Windsor, and lost fourteen hundred guineas to the Duchess of Mazarin, niece of the gambling cardinal, a lady who, according to a quaint and not wholly credible book of the day, † would as a rule play fair, but "when she had a sharp gamester to deal with, would play *altogether upon the sharp* at any game upon the cards, and generally came off a winner."

In the subsequent reigns Parliament passed various laws to check gaming, but, as was not unusual, aimed more at the lower than the privileged classes. Thus the 17th chapter of 10 and 11 William III. reciting that "persons had of late fraudulently obtained great sums of money from the children and servants of merchants and traders by colors of patents under the great seal," enacts that all *such* lotteries are common and public nuisances, thus vetoing lotteries not established by itself and conferring upon itself a monopoly of vice. This is indeed the view taken by Blackstone of these statutes. "Public lotteries," he says, ‡ "unless by authority of Parliament, and all manner of ingenious devices under the denomination of

* 16 Car. II., c. 7. The preamble is remarkable and worth quoting, —

"Whereas all lawful Games and Exercises should not be otherwise used than as innocent and moderate recreations, and not as constant trades or callings, to gain a living or make unlawful advantage thereby: and whereas by the immoderate use of them many mischiefs and inconveniences do arise, and are dayly found to the maintaining and encouraging of sundry idle, loose, and disorderly persons in their dishonest, lewd, and dissolute courses of life, and to the circumventing, deceiving, cousening, and debauching of many of the younger sort, both of the nobility and gentry, and others, to the loss of their precious time, and the utter ruin of their estates and fortunes, and withdrawing them from noble and laudable employments and exercises —"

* Diary, vol. v., p. 192. (Ed. 1877.)

† Lucas's Memoirs of Gamesters.

‡ Vol. iv., p. 173.

sales or otherwise, which in the end are equivalent to lotteries, were prohibited by a great variety of statutes under heavy pecuniary penalties." Such laws were about as efficacious as that of Henry VIII. which prohibits to "*all but gentle-men*" certain unlawful games. Assuredly the writer is justified in his view, that "particular descriptions will ever be lame and deficient unless all games of mere chance are at once prohibited; the inventions of sharpers being swifter than the punishment of the law, which only hunts them from one device to another." Thus also in the reign of the second George three acts were passed, imposing penalties in certain games, notably faro, which nevertheless flourished. In 1764 George III. discontinued the immemorial custom of playing hazard on Twelfth Night at court, and afterwards issued strict orders that no gaming was to be allowed in the royal palaces. But these efforts were without avail. "In spite," writes Lecky,* "of royal precept and example, and in spite also of a number of laws which had in the preceding reign been enacted against gaming, there was as yet little diminution of this passion." Charles Fox once said, that the highest play he had ever known was between 1772 and the outbreak of the American War, and the statement seems to be corroborated by Horace Walpole. It is necessary, however, to dwell for a little on the later portion of the Georgian era, which is rich in the records of gamblers.

Facile princeps among gamblers was Charles James Fox. It would have been odd indeed if he had not been a gambler. It was early that he learned the habit.

Never was there a more gracious child [writes Trevelyan],† more rich in promise, more prone to good, when in the spring of 1763 the devil entered into the heart of Lord Holland. Harassed by his dispute with Lord Shelburne, he could think of no better diversion than to take Charles from his books and carry him to the Continent on a round of idleness and dissipation. At Spa his amusement was to send his son every night to the gaming-table with a pocketful of gold; and the parent took not a little pains to contrive that the boy should leave France a finished rake.

This was at fourteen. When little more than two years older, a time of life when in these days a boy is barely in the sixth form at school, Fox was admitted to Brooks's, the club he was afterwards to

make famous, but the club where the temptations to gambling were the greatest of all. For, if the play was not higher than elsewhere, the players were all men whose position and persons rendered them attractive to a clever youth making his début in society.

The men [again we quote Trevelyan]* who swept up the gold and tilted out the dice on the old round table, on whose broad and glistening surface the evening papers now lie in innocent array, played more comfortably and more good-humoredly than elsewhere, but they did not play for higher stakes. Society in these days was one vast casino. On whatever pretext . . . half-a-dozen people of fashion formed themselves together . . . the box was sure to be rattling and the cards were being cut and shuffled.

Gambling was a profession to the leaders of the London world, of both sexes; and ladies of the highest rank were not above claiming, as one of the privileges of their sex, advantage in the conduct of the game, and in settling the results of the play. In such a society, when still in his teens, Charles James Fox took his rank as a grown man, with a disposition in which brilliance outshone skill, and daring outweighed caution, and with an iron constitution which enabled him to take the wildest liberties with the ordinary rules of life. What result could be expected? Born to shine, he shone in the society in which he found himself, and excelled at their practices. An admirable player at games of skill such as whist and piquet, his temperament made him prefer games of chance; and he too often matched himself against antagonists, who made hazard a game of chance only in name. His losses rapidly became enormous. In these days few men rise to eminence of any sort before forty, but Pitt was prime minister at twenty-five, and Fox was the king of gamesters at twenty-two. Two incidental characteristics of this part of his life are remarkable. Nothing could alienate the sympathy of his friends, nothing could oust his own good-humor. After a long day in the House of Commons and a long evening of continued ill-success, he would tranquilly lay his head on the gaming-table and go off into a profound slumber. On the morning after an unusually ruinous night, Beauclerk called on him, expecting to find the excited player in a state of reaction, the ruined gambler hopelessly depressed. He found Fox placidly reading Herodotus.

* England in the Eighteenth Century, vol. vi., p. 151.

† Early History of Charles James Fox, p. 49.

* Ibid., p. 88.

"What would you have me do when I have lost my last shilling?"

His friends supported Fox with a loyalty due more to affection for him than to reliance on Lord Holland. Many of them found him in funds, and more became security for his obligations. Their *esprit de corps* was known to the money-lenders and to the satirists. One of the latter wrote:—

But hark the noise of battle from afar;
The Jews and Macaronies are at war;
The Jews prevail, and thundering from the
stocks
They seize, they bind, they circumcise Charles
Fox.

But their support and his intellect availed nothing against continued failure. Fox's ill-luck was persistent:—

If he touches a card, if he rattles a box
Away fly the guineas of this Mr. Fox.
He has met, I'm afraid, with so many hard
knocks,
That cash is not plenty with this Mr. Fox.
And he always must lose, for the strongest of
locks
Cannot keep any money for this Mr. Fox.

And Walpole, enumerating the things worth finding, bracketed the philosopher's stone, the missing books of Livy, and "all that Charles Fox has lost." His debts to friends and usurers had reached a huge amount in 1773, when a son was born to his elder brother, Stephen. But Lord Holland loved his brilliant scapegrace and his family honor too much to allow his son to be ruined. In spite of the portentous nature of the situation, as he soon found it, Lord Holland met the calls. "High or low, grasping Jew or good Samaritan, no one was a penny the worse for having helped his favorite boy."* By immediate payments or the creation of annuities which fell in, Charles was cleared, and the Fox property lessened by 140,000*l*. He was then twenty-four. He had already acquired a position in the senate equalled only by that of his great rival. An opportunity of a wealthy marriage was apparently within his reach, and even with Pitt opposed to him, there is no position to which he could not have attained. But the passion for play was too much for him. Neither Lord Holland's kindness nor the remonstrances of his friends could expel nature; and to gambling is due the fact, that Fox must go down to posterity as the most brilliant, the most gifted, but not the most successful of public men.

* Early History of Charles James Fox, p. 491.

But he had many rivals to contest his supremacy. George Selwyn for many years of his life played high, and his correspondence abounds with passages referring to the gambling transactions of himself and his friends. In the latter period of his life he is said* to have got the better of his propensity for play, which "is too great a consumer of four things—time, health, fortune, and thinking."† One of his partners was Lord March, afterwards Duke of Queensberry, who in 1771 brought an action to recover five hundred guineas, the amount of a wager laid with Mr. Pigot as to whether Sir William Codrington or old Mr. Pigot would die first. The case was tried before Lord Mansfield, and a verdict found for the plaintiff. Richard Rigby and General Fitzpatrick; Henry Furnese, secretary and afterwards lord of the treasury; "Fish" Craufurd and Lords Doneraile, Derby, and Chesterfield, were among a large number of less well-known men who played persistently and deep. But play was not confined to one society or one class:—

It is extremely to be lamented [said Lord Kenyon, in a charge delivered in 1796] that the vice of gambling has descended to the very lowest orders of the people. It is prevalent among the highest ranks of society, who have set an example to their inferiors and seem to think themselves too great for the law. I wish they could be punished. If any prosecutions are fairly brought before me, and the parties are justly convicted, whatever may be their rank or station in the country—though they should be the first ladies in the land—they shall certainly exhibit themselves in the pillory.

In the following year Lady Buckinghamshire and two other ladies of position were in fact condemned—not indeed to the pillory, but to pay fifty pounds for illegal gambling.‡

Steinmetz has collected a number of anecdotes of gamesters of this period: § of Sir J. B., who lost 32,000*l*. one night, and shot himself; of Lord F., who died in 1793, having played away an estate of 18,000*l*. a year, and 100,000*l*. in ready money; of Lord D., who succeeded to a large property in Ireland, but encumbered with play-debts amounting to a quarter of

* The accuracy of this is very doubtful. He introduced Wilberforce to Brooks's in 1782, when sixty-three.

† Ashton's Old Times, quoted by Lecky, England in the Eighteenth Century, vol. vi., p. 152.

‡ Many of them will be found in a volume called "The Gaming Calendar," by Seymour Harcourt, published in 1820.

a million; of a certain duchess, wife of a *ci-devant* lord lieutenant of Ireland, who was fleeced of 200,000*l.*; of Henry Weston, hanged in 1796 for forgery undertaken to defray card-debts; of W. B., a Scotch gentleman of good position, convicted in Edinburgh of violent theft of bank-notes taken for the same purpose. In 1818 nearly every month of the year was distinguished by a duel or duels resulting from gambling quarrels. In a word, the law seemed utterly unable to cope with a habit, which produced disasters of terrible frequency, but of the advantages of which it is impossible to discover a trace.

It was not only at cards that men gambled. Lotteries abounded, though, as we have said, they were to some extent reduced in 1778. The upper classes won or lost money on horse-races; and there was no subject under the sun on which they did not bet. The notorious betting-book at Brooks's is, in Trevelyan's opinion, a curious memorial of the society of the time, possessing an interest of its own which resembles nothing in any library or museum in the country. Fifty guineas that Lord Thurlow gets a tellership of the exchequer for his son; fifty that Made-moiselle Heinel does not dance at the Opera House next winter; fifty that Lord Ilchester gives his first vote in opposition and kills his first ten pheasants. A hundred guineas that consols fall ten per cent. before they rise ten per cent. (made in April, 1778). Three guineas to receive five hundred if the Allied Armies are out of Paris at Christmas, 1794. One to twenty that martial law is proclaimed before Charles Fox is of the Privy Council. Two to twenty on Lady Weymouth having the Treasury against Lord Weymouth. One to receive a hundred when Lord Derby goes up in a balloon. Ten that free-trade is abolished before Episcopacy. Five hundred to ten that none of the Cabinet were beheaded within three years. Bets upon the marriages and deaths of members; bets upon "an event understood between the bettors;" bets upon events of little public interest and less delicate nature, some of them erased by the prudery of a later age. Assuredly can the members of Brooks's say, —

Quidquid agunt homines, votum, timor, ira,
voluptas

. . . nostri farrago libelli.

Brooks's, however, had not the monopoly of club play: —

The gaming at Almack's [writes Walpole

to Horace Mann] which has taken the *pas* of White's, is worthy of the decline of the Empire. The young men of the age lose ten, fifteen, twenty thousand pounds in an evening there. Lord Stavordale, not one-and-twenty, lost 11,000*l.* there last Tuesday, but recovered it by one great hand at hazard. He swore a great oath: "Now if I had been playing deep I might have won millions."

At the Cocoa-tree in 1780 there was a cast at hazard, the difference of which amounted to 180,000*l.* At Graham's Club took place the whist which led to the notorious De Ros trial. Lord de Ros being accused of cheating, brought an action for libel against his traducers, but lost a verdict, which he only survived a short time. The *Times*, in a leading article, said that the public judgment perfectly coincided with the verdict; and perhaps the least severe criticism on the event was Hook's punning epitaph, "Here lies the premier baron of England patiently awaiting the last trump." In earlier days White's had a well-deserved but not bright reputation:

It is dreadful [writes a well-known peer in 1750] to see not only there, but almost in every house in the town, what devastations were made by that destructive fury, the spirit of play; I tremble to think that the rattling of a dice-box at White's may one day or other, if my son should be a member of that noble society, strike down all our fine oaks.

Wattier's, where Macao flourished, and where Brummell shone for a dozen years, came to an untimely end in 1819, and was taken by a set of blacklegs. But perhaps the most widely notorious club of all, though a club only in name, was Crockford's, established in 1827. Crockford, who seems to have been a fishmonger, was a man of much energy and no little tact. Having accumulated some capital he set up the establishment in St. James's Street, which was described at its opening as "the new Pandemonium, whose walls will tell no tales." There he kept a hazard bank against all comers. He seems to have played fairly, but fully availed himself of the advantages of being the banker. His courtesy and good manner's made "Crocky's" the rage, and young and old, rich and poor, provided only they had the *entrée* to good London society, were admitted to his rooms, and thronged to swell his profits. In 1840 he retired, having accumulated a fortune of at least a million sterling.

The executive government, lenient to the clubs to which many of their members belonged, seem to have made several spasmodic and not whole-hearted attempts

to put down gambling in other classes of society. In 1797 the Bedford Arms was attacked under warrant by the police, who, after a strenuous siege, forced their way in and found fifteen persons at table, but not actually playing, so there could not be a conviction. Two years later the police made several raids; one on a house in Leicester Square, whence one of the gamblers endeavoring to escape fell into the area and was killed; another on two of the notorious places in King's Place. But the law-breakers were stronger than the law-makers, even when the latter were in earnest; the breaking up of one "hell" merely led to the establishment of another, and the evidence taken before the committee of the House of Commons in 1844 clearly showed, that gambling went on in a large number of houses frequented by persons of all positions. There were over twenty such places in Pall Mall, Piccadilly, and St. James's Street alone. Nor were the stakes confined to money; clothes and jewels, houses and timber, were staked, and alas! sometimes by women that which is more valuable than either. Perhaps, however, the most remarkable wager ever made was brought to light in an investigation which took place at Bow Street in 1812. The police officer reported that he had seen two men on a wall on Hampstead Road, one of them hanging by his neck from a lamp-post, having been just tied up and "turned off" by the other. It appears that the men had "tossed" all day, first for money, then for their clothes, and last which of the two should hang the other. The larger man of the twain lost the toss, and was actually paying the penalty when the police officer intervened to save his life.

Of course there was a good deal of cheating. Of the *émigrés* driven from France by the French Revolution there were many who lived upon play, and several of these managed to prolong their depredations for some time. "A certain Frenchman," writes Mr. Dunne,* "who assumed in London the title and manner of a baron, has been known to surpass all the most dexterous rogues of the three kingdoms in the art of robbing. His aide-de-camp was a kind of German captain who acted the double part of a French spy and an English officer." In 1820, James Lloyd, who was a Methodist preacher on Saturdays, and the keeper of a Little-go or illegal lottery all the rest of the week, was sentenced to three months' imprisonment

with hard labor. And proceedings against one William Wright in Brighton, three years earlier, showed a most discreditable state of affairs carried on in the libraries of that ever-popular watering-place.

Among the best-known men of their time, who paid heavy penalty for their love of play, were Beau Brummell and Tom Duncombe. For a time very lucky, the former pursued a career of brilliant insolence almost without a rival. Winning largely one day of the lord mayor of London, who was a brewer, he pocketed the cash with a low bow and said, "Thank you, alderman! for the future I will never drink any porter but yours." "I wish, sir," replied the mayor, "that every blackguard in London would say the same." For many years Brummell held his own, and more than held his own, with men whose purses were far longer. But the turn came—Brummell himself used to say, after the loss of a lucky sixpence with a hole in it—and Brummell went rapidly down hill. He died in abject poverty, in 1840, at the age of sixty-two. Tom Duncombe, heir to a fine fortune, was an *habitué* of Tattersall's, Almack's, Crockford's, and other temples of play, and being as generous and high-spirited as Fox himself, soon rivalled him in the extent of his losses. At one time his father paid 135,000*l.* for him, a sum closely approaching that paid by Lord Holland for Fox. Like Fox, he profited nothing by experience, and died poor. There were those who thought that the great Duke of Wellington was among high players. But in 1823 the duke, who as a rule did not much care what people thought or said of him, took an opportunity of writing to a barrister who had publicly alluded to the rumor, and declaring that in the whole course of his life he had never won or lost 20*l.* at any game, and that he had never played hazard or any game of chance in any public place or club. It is tolerably clear that, unlike Blücher, who repeatedly lost great sums, the duke was no gambler. "The great captain," writes Mr. Timbs, "was never known to play deep at any game, not war or politics." Neither, however, was he in any sense a gambler at these.

Soon after the commencement of the present reign there occurred a considerable lull in the fever of high play. Crockford's, as we have seen, was abandoned by its originator in 1840. In 1846 an act was passed, making all contracts, whether by parol or writing, by way of gaming or wagering, null and void, and no suit maintain.

* See Steinmetz, vol. i., p. 129.

able in any court of law or equity to recover any sum of money or valuable thing alleged to have been won upon any wager, or which should have been deposited in the hands of any person to abide the event on which any wager should have been made. But the act, though it did much by making wagers incapable of legal enforcement, did less to discourage gambling than a change in the attitude of those who had influence on the habit of English society. Play grew into disfavor not only absolutely at court, where the consort of the sovereign entirely abhorred it, but among the ranks of statesmen, and men of wealth and culture. The places of Fox and Duncombe, Chesterfield and Queensberry, were not filled up. Hazard and lansquenet fell into disfavor, and where there was play at all, the more moderate attractions of whist and piquet replaced them. The "rattle of the bones" was no longer heard at Brooks's, and that club subsided into being one of the most quiet and respectable in any metropolis. Gambling, driven about the same period from France, took refuge in German watering-places. There at Baden-Baden, Wiesbaden, Homburg, and elsewhere, *roulette* and *trente et un* tables flourished for over a quarter of a century, with the sanction of the governments and to their profit, but to the detriment of many citizens of all the principal European States. The play was strictly fair, but the chances in favor of the keepers of the banks were so great, that all those harpies made enormous fortunes. One of them was called Le Blanc, and the answer he gave to a youthful request for his advice is characteristic for coolness and for truth. "Dites-moi," said a beardless tyro to him, "est-ce que le rouge gagne ou le noir?" "Monsieur," was the cynical reply, "Le Blanc gagne toujours." The tables of course attracted to them swindlers of all kinds, who found, however, in private play a greater scope for their talents than they could obtain in the public rooms. A good story is told of the unmasking of one of these. A well-known conjuror of honest reputation, whose powers of sleight of hand made it impossible for him to play cards for money, suspected a frequent player of *écarté* and such games of unfair play; and sitting down with him, with the cognizance of several bystanders, soon found his suspicions confirmed. At one period of the game the players were "four all," and the conjuror's opponent turned up the king. "Very remarkable indeed," said the conjuror, in a tone of emphasis which

arrested his opponent's attention. "Yes, a lucky coup," was the reply. "Very remarkable indeed. I have the four kings of the pack in my lap."

The play at Homburg and Baden increased, as all continual play is apt to increase, in fury and in amount. During the season men and women of all nations and all classes thronged the well-lit and luxurious *salons de jeu*. Statesmen and financiers sat side by side with turf-men of little reputation and *chevaliers d'industrie* of none at all. Ambassadors, wives of ministers, and owners of the proudest names in the aristocracy of Russia, France, Italy, Spain, and even England, were jostled at the gambling table by the *cruchecassées* and *cocottes* of European capitals. "At least one-half of the company," said Mr. G. Sala in one of a series of brilliant papers he wrote on the subject, "may be assumed to be arrant rascals, rascals male and female, the off-scourings of all the shut-up gambling-houses in Europe, *demireps* and *lorettes*, single and unmarried women innumerable." The display of emotion was studiously checked and scandals were carefully hushed up. But scandals occurred, nevertheless, and the tragic ending of many a night of ill success in the cool morning of the Homburg hills has formed the subject of the satire of the academy and the press. In 1868 the Prussian government took up the matter with a high hand. In February of that year an announcement was made that "the Prussian government not having been able to obtain from the lessees of the gaming-tables at Wiesbaden, Ems, and Homburg, their consent to the cancelling of the contracts, has resolved to terminate their privileges by a legislative measure. It has presented a bill, fixing the year 1872 as the limit of the existence of these establishments, and even authorizing the government to suppress them at an earlier period by royal ordinance. No indemnity is to be allowed to persons holding concessions." The action of Prussia was generally applauded. The association of her favorite watering-places with "hells" had grown to deserve the opprobrium of Europe. As a leading newspaper in England stated: "Gambling practised habitually is a leprosy; and as it is by habitual gamblers that these haunts are made to flourish, this alone should reconcile the world of tourists to a deprivation which for them must be slight; while to the class they imitate without equalling, it will be the prohibition of an abominable habit." The law was carried

into effect in 1872. Thenceforth on the tables of the Kursaals of Homburg, Baden-Baden, and Wiesbaden, the evening newspapers have lain with the same innocence as that with which Trevelyan describes them lying on the round table at Brooks's. Homburg was driven to rely on her natural attractions, and we believe that she has not been a sufferer. And the reprobate throngs that once ruined her reputation, forced from one more of their strongholds, find it not easy now to get a resting-place for the soles of their feet. Indeed, except at Monte Carlo, it would be difficult to find in Europe a public *salon de jeu*, though there is scarcely a capital without several of those clubs, the admission to which depends on practically little more than payment of a subscription.

The American temperament is calculated to encourage gambling, and it is not a matter of wonder that gambling abounds in the great republic. The spirit of speculation pervades all their actions, and influencing their political and commercial circles, influences still more other portions of their society. Even the presidential election is made the subject of heavy wagers, and pecuniary interest largely affects votes. It is difficult to read an American newspaper without finding allusions to some form or other of gambling, and many of their works of fiction teem with references to play. By far the larger proportion of the writings of Bret Harte, for instance, deal with the gambling transactions of the western miners, not the least notorious being the witty account of a contest between a Heathen Chinese and two euchre-players, at which

The floor it was strewed,
Like leaves on the strand,
With the cards which Ah Sin had been hiding
At the game he did not understand.

Their favorite card-game, however, seems to be poker. A late American minister introduced it into England, where it flourishes only to a moderate extent. Inasmuch as under certain circumstances a player is not obliged to show his hand, the element of personal idiosyncrasy is introduced into the game, and a player has to think of his opponent's character as well as his own cards. It may be that this peculiarity has hindered its popularity in this country. Another favorite game on both sides of the Atlantic is Napoleon. Five cards are dealt, and the players in turn declare the number of tricks each claims to make; whoever declares the highest number plays against the rest,

and the first led card makes trumps. It is scarcely a game to play in mixed society, for the advantages obtainable by confederates are enormous. A good story is told of the outwitting of a pair of such players by an apparent innocent. Only two players were playing; and to one, the innocent, was dealt ace, king, queen, knave of clubs, and ace of diamonds. He naturally backed himself to get five tricks, the chances in favor of his doing so being enormous, supposing the hands to be fairly dealt. His wagers to an increasing amount were taken by an outsider looking over his opponent's hand. The readiness with which his offers were accepted raised his suspicions, and when his bets rose to a high stake he made diamonds trumps, and found his adversary with five clubs. The biters were deservedly bit.

So far for gambling in other countries and at other times. We propose to devote the remainder of our space to the present position of English gambling. And first as regards gambling at cards. It is unquestionable that there is no such card-play as characterized the last quarter of the eighteenth century and the first three decades of this. A few years ago we doubt whether this could have been said. Very heavy sums have been lost by more than one well-known member of present society. And whist for very high stakes prevailed at more than one club, frequented by the *jeunesse dorée* of the last decade. But the round tables at Brooks's and White's have disappeared, and nothing has exactly taken their place. Hazard is dead. Dice, save for inoffensive backgammon, are unused. Macao, faro, E and O, lansquenet, and other games of by-gone days are unknown. The American games of poker and euchre have gained no hold. In a word, the evil of card-play is not, in London society, prevalent to anything like the extent known to the last years of George III. But there still is card-play in the great cities of England, which is harmful both in itself and from the example it gives and the taste it fosters. A recent case which came before the Divisional Court* brought to light the popularity of the game of baccarat among young men of good position and education. The investigations of the police have shown that there are many play establishments in London to which strangers can without difficulty obtain access. The author or authors of a volume called "Tempted London," the title of which we

* Turpin v. Jenks, 13 Q. B. D. 505

have placed at the head of this paper, assert that there is scarcely a district in the metropolis in which such clubs do not exist. "From Hampstead to Camberwell, from Bayswater to Clerkenwell, in side streets and main thoroughfares, it is not too much to say that, wherever you may be standing, you are not more than five or ten minutes' walk from a gaming-house." They (we assume the plural) declare that the number of such places increases year by year. Their existence becomes easily known to the class likely to use them, far more easily than to the police. They are apparently frequented by mechanics, working-men, artisans, and clerks. There is the same mixture of rook and pigeon, decoy, jackal, and tyro, which many writers beside Mr. Sala have described at the German Kursaals. The female element is not less present. The usual scenes take place. The usual results follow. "You will see," says the writer of one of the clearest and most temperate chapters (*A Bird's-eye View of London Gambling*), "last sixpences being staked all round; and you can watch the eager, nervous men who have come to win back what they had. And what are they trying to win it back with? Is it their own or their family's bread? In some cases it may be neither." The writer of this chapter says, it behoves us to enquire whether the law makes provision for dealing effectually with gaming-houses. But on this point there is no doubt. The courts have held baccarat to be an illegal game, and the law is unquestionably strong enough and clear enough to crush these play "clubs," to which a man can obtain election while he is taking off his coat and hat. This was admitted before the committees of the House of Commons and the House of Lords in 1844, and the recent case to which we have alluded has made it still more clear. It has been argued that police interference does little good, and that the proprietors, if ousted from one building, will readily set up another. But experience has shown, as it did in 1844, that this is not practically the case, and that the police, if they act resolutely and *persistently*, can to a great extent thwart and make difficult the efforts of those who maintain such places.

Of course, in many of the higher-class London clubs, there are card-rooms, where whist and piquet, *écarté* or *bézique*, are played with varying stakes and with much perseverance. And equally, of course, there are many opportunities afforded for working-men and clerks to lose a portion

of their earnings, which may be regrettable in themselves. But with neither would it be wise to interfere. For it is hopeless to expect that any action of the legislature or executive can entirely put an end to gambling. Stakes higher than players can afford are being lost every week, and will be lost every week till the millennium. But it is impossible to prevent associations of individuals, or entirely control their actions when *bonâ fide* enjoying each other's society. What can be prevented, both legally and practically, is the spread of gaming-houses, the proprietors of which, by fair means or foul, prey upon all the unfortunates whom they entice to their dens. On the whole, though the card-sharper can still find his victims, and even the fair-play holder of card-banks ample opportunity of benefiting by his advantages, we doubt whether the evils of card-play alone are at present so great as to justify of themselves either the comments of the Church Congress, or further interference of the legislature. It may be that there is need of further boldness on the part of the police, for which we venture to think they would find support in public opinion. But the mischief arising from card-play is small, we believe, when compared with the mischief arising from horse-racing.

The recent development of horse-racing has been enormous. The legislature has encouraged it. Formerly horse-racing was subject to serious restrictions. Under the statute of Anne it was penal to win, at any rate on credit, more than 10% at any one time; and the statute 13 Geo. II., c. 19 prohibited any horse-race except at Newmarket or Blackhambleton in Yorkshire, for any prize of less value than 50%, the object apparently being* to prevent horse-races being run, where the prize was not sufficiently remunerative to encourage the improvement of the breed. But early in the present reign an act was passed (3 & 4 Vic., c. 35) which, the court has held, has legalized all horse-racing; and though by a still more recent statute (42 & 43 Vic., c. 18) races within ten miles of London unless licensed have been forbidden, the difficulty of getting licenses is not insuperable, and the rest of the kingdom is left uncontrolled. In a word, the legislature has acted on the view that horse-racing encourages the breed of horses, and should therefore be itself encouraged, and Parliament endorses the action of the sovereign in giving plates to be run for on

* Stutfield, p. 79.

certain defined conditions. This attitude of the legislature is in accord with the recommendations of the committees of each House in 1844, to whose decisions we have already referred. The committee of the house of Commons reported that —

Your Committee would be very sorry to discourage horse-racing. That sport has long been a favorite one of all classes of the British nation, both at home and abroad, and it has been systematically encouraged by the Government with a view to . . . keeping up . . . an improved breed of horses throughout the country.

The committee of the House of Lords, with greater caution if at the same time with great boldness, reported that —

Your Committee think it desirable that this amusement should be upheld, because it is in accordance with a long-established national taste; because it seems to bring together for a common object vast bodies of people in different parts of the country, and to promote intercourse between different classes of society; * and because, without the stimulus which racing affords, it would be difficult, if not impossible, to maintain that purity of blood and standard of excellence which have rendered the breed of English horses superior to that of any other country in the world. The Committee would, however, consider these advantages more than problematical if they were to be unavoidably purchased by *excessive gambling and the vice and misery which it entails.* (The italics are ours.)

The result of this attitude of the legislature has been, that horse-races are held in all parts of the country, and, save when the ground is hard-frozen, at all times of the year. Formerly there were a few great meetings, and a few great prizes. There were matches and sweepstakes, the object of which, and the result of which, were to develop the stamina and speed of race-horses, which, being subsequently put to the stud, produced offspring useful to the commercial community. The owners of horses and their friends bet with each other on the success of their own animals, meeting, chiefly if not only, at weight for age. The outside public took comparatively little interest in any but a few of the great races of the year, and the professional betting man was far from being a universal institution.

All this is changed. Handicaps have come into vogue. Short-distance races are popular. Small meetings abound. And there is scarcely a day in the year

save, so far as this country is concerned, Sundays, on which there is no horse-race of some kind. Further, there has sprung up a powerful ring of professional bettors, whose business is to lay against any horse, and with all comers. Nor is this all; formerly bets were rarely made, on the less important races at all events, except on the course. But now the electric telegraph has brought, within reach of all the so-called sporting centres, an immediate knowledge of the events of distant race-courses. Consequently, there has spread a system of betting "on the tape," which is pregnant with important results. It is easy to have a room in London, to which can be telegraphed all that goes on at Epsom, Sandown, Manchester, or Newmarket. The facility thus given to betting is enormous. A young man, unable to go to the race-meeting, has only to walk to a comfortable and well-furnished room on the ground floor of an accessible London house, to find, not only the utmost consideration for his creature comforts, but also the fullest possible information telegraphed up every five minutes from the course, and a bettor ready to bet against any horse running. The click of the tape-machine furnishes him first with a list of starters and jockeys, then with the odds currently laid, and in a very short time with the winner of the race. By his side is a clerk ready to enter any bet he may make; and the result of his coup is in a very short time known to him. Such a system is every whit as insidious as a system of public card-tables, which was once so productive of disaster. From noon till five o'clock of at least seventy per cent. of the days of the year, young men "about town" can lounge on a sofa, smoking a cigar and quenching an imaginary thirst, while they make bets on races occurring in a distant scene, the principal incidents of which are as well known to them as to the spectators present.

In other classes of society the facilities for betting have, in spite of the efforts of the legislature, also increased. An act, passed in 1883,* was aimed at the prevention of betting, not perhaps between individuals *inter se*, but between all comers and one of a limited number of partners holding the hat against all the rest.† It had some effect in driving abroad or into private the "list-men" who advertised the odds and touted for custom. But the wiles of bettors are not easily defeated,

* A remarkable reason, equally applicable to the Kursaals at Homburg and Baden.

* See Sir A. Cockburn's speech. Hansard, vol. cxxix, p. 87.

† Stutfield, p. 167.

and where profits are great men are content to run some risk. We have reason to know that, in many parts of London and other populous towns, some such system as the following is largely prevalent. A man goes to a known shop, say a tobacconist's or a coffee-tavern, and hands in a sum of money wrapped up in a piece of paper, on which is the name of a race and the name of the horse he wishes to back to win it. At the same time, he lays down the price of the screw of tobacco or cup of coffee he assumes to wish to purchase. The money is taken by the proprietor, who hands over what stakes are won after the conclusion of the race. If it is asked how a system can succeed which is dependent on no contract, the answer is, that the taker of the money has far too great an interest in the plan to attempt default. Strictly honest payment of losses is a good advertisement, and is the surest possible road to large profits. The chances in favor of the layer are so great that he can afford, not only prompt discharge of admitted liabilities, but many concessions in regard to transactions in dispute. And thus the gudgeons swim in, the ringmen grow in wealth.

Or it may be that the bookmen, "bookies" or "pencilers," as they are called, whose business it is to lay the odds, adopt another plan. They establish their principal domicile at some near Continental town, such as Boulogne, whence they send invitations to all whom they are likely to catch. They pay their losses punctually and even liberally, for the reason we have described above, and they rely on the comfortable assurance, that the post will, in consequence of direct and indirect advertisements, bring them in an amount of orders, coins, and cheques, amply sufficient to ensure them a wide margin of profit. We subjoin an extract from a recent publication of one of this fraternity, which for boldness of advertisement it would be hard to parallel:—

VERY IMPORTANT.

Caution to our Clients and the Public generally.

We learn, with great regret, that some unscrupulous persons have been sending circulars out, broadcast, from London and elsewhere, purporting to be published in a philanthropic spirit, but in reality making base insinuations as to the stability and integrity of old-established firms in Boulogne.

Although, owing to the unassailable reputation we have gained for *straightforward dealing and business promptitude*, these cowardly attacks and calumnies cannot do us any harm in the eyes of our clients, they may deceive

credulous persons. We, therefore, feel it our duty to point out that, at certain periods of the year, adventurers spring up, like mushrooms, and lay traps for the unwary, until their nefarious practices are found out, when they *immediately change their name and address, and appear in a new guise in some other quarter.*

To protect ourselves, therefore, we beg to assure our clients, and others, that at no time in our career of eight-and-thirty years was our business on a sounder basis; and further, that, while the large capital at our command gives every security to those who entrust us with their commissions, our extensive ramifications and close connection with the London markets enables us to guarantee the best and fairest rate of odds obtainable.

Owing to the admirable *Postal and Telegraphic* arrangements existing between England and France, we are enabled to carry on our business with every possible facility and speed.

Others, more hardy, defy the law and remain in the United Kingdom. Every now and then they issue notices, that "Mr. A. B. begs to inform his clients and the public that his offices are at —." Or "that noblemen and gentlemen, who are able to appreciate reliable information of a practical turfite of twenty years' standing, should communicate without delay for terms to —." Others simply publish their names and addresses as "turf agents" or "turf accountants." But the meaning in every case is well known; they readily accept every offer of a bet, provided of course that they are the judges of its terms, and happy are they if their first transactions with a new client necessitate a payment by themselves. In such a case they may trust their client to proclaim his astuteness and their honesty. They promptly pay their losses, with the certain knowledge, that more and more gudgeons will be attracted to so excellent a swim. They have numberless allies, of some of whom the influence is direct, of some indirect. Among the first are the "touters" and "tipsters," who drive a thriving trade by simply giving advice, for which they charge nothing if unsuccessful. By themselves and their dupes every success of these is loudly proclaimed, every failure carefully hushed up or explained away. There are not wanting men of good education and ample means, who carefully collate the advice of such prophets and act on it. There are many more who pin their faith on one guide, and follow him as slavishly as a heathen follows his fetish, and so treat him when their reverence is stimulated by triumph, or when it is utterly destroyed by

repeated defeat. Of the latter are the publicans, who encourage turf talk; the news-agents, who circulate turf gossip; and the loafers, who themselves, maybe, beyond the pale, flatter and fawn on all who still occupy a position within it. Between the two is the "turf commissioner," who does not bet himself, but makes it his business to collect information. He it is who with many a nod, and wink, and whisper, tells of a "good thing" not known to the outside world. He can "get on his friends' money at a remunerative price." If it is intrusted to him, he either, if tolerably honest, pockets a high commission on the transaction, or if the horse loses keeps the stake, and if it wins, blandly expresses his regret that "he could not get it on."

We have no need to appeal to statistics to show how prevalent is the system of betting, how large a hold it has upon all classes of society. It is impossible, in London or the chief provincial towns, to go to a bookstall without seeing a large array of sporting newspapers, whose *raison d'être* is the diffusion of more or less true intelligence, and less or more false gossip on turf matters. No one can take a journey by a morning train into London or an evening train out of it, by whatever class he travels, without meeting some fellow-traveller reading the sporting intelligence of a newspaper. All through the principal streets of London there run boys who in the forenoon endeavor to thrust upon the passer-by what they call turf telegrams, and in the afternoon deafen his ears by shouts of "winner," "winner." The supply presumes the demand. Unless these urchins had a sale for their wares, they would discontinue the trade. Even the highest-class newspapers publish turf intelligence, and all but the very highest give a daily quotation of the odds. Over and above newspapers pure and simple, there is a large circulation of publications containing turf stories and turf anecdotes. Few of the anecdotes are distinguished for morality, and most of the stories are of swindles defeated, or of the cutting of one diamond by another. Cleverness rather than honesty is the lesson inculcated by such literature, and its influence is terribly wide.

We would not be misunderstood. Again horse-racing in itself we have nothing to say. If the best horses in the realm could be brought to compete against each other for the credit of victory, for such prizes as those which satisfied Corinthian competitors, or even for a reward of mod-

erate intrinsic value, there could be little to complain of, either in the competition or its results. But the development of the breed of horses, and wholesome emulation among owners and breeders, are at present very far removed indeed from being the chief or even prominent among the objects for which horse-racing is encouraged. The state of things hinted at by the committee of the Lords in 1844 is, we say advisedly, upon us. The benefits, such as they are, of horse-racing, can only now be purchased at the cost of "excessive gambling and the vice and misery which it entails." That vice and that misery are eating into the heart of the nation. They are sapping, surely and not slowly, the honest instincts which, maintained through many generations and in spite of many difficulties, made our commerce the most successful in the world. Not only is racing, as at present pursued, the direct cause of ruin to many a home and the destruction to many a career, but it tends to foster habits and methods absolutely antagonistic to national progress. Unless horse-racing can be severed from betting, and betting sternly checked, the value of horse-racing as a pastime must come to an end. The present tendency of the legislature is to exercise a large interference with the power of individuals to injure themselves. There can scarcely be a subject more worthy of the attention of Parliament than the evil to which we have called attention. We fully recognize the difficulties. We fully admit, not only the intricacy of the subject itself, but also the strong probability that any but the most carefully framed scheme may defeat its own object. We fully appreciate the immense opposition which any attempt to deal with it would provoke from the enormous army of voters and non-voters interested in the present system, and the very lukewarm support to be expected from its votaries. But the scandal is growing greater year by year, and it is not too much to expect some courage and determination in a matter so widely affecting the true interests of the people.

Towards such a result, as we have said before, a wholesome public opinion can contribute greatly. The influence of the Church, if properly exercised, may do much; and such addresses as those delivered at the Church Congress, by the Dean of Rochester and the speakers who followed him, must have weighty effect. But lay opinion will do more. And the Churchmen who spoke at Manchester wisely admitted the importance of this

factor. They themselves may dwell on the sinfulness of gambling and betting. It devolves upon others to dwell on their folly. We have nearly exhausted the limits of our space. We propose to devote the little that remains to an attempt to formulate a few of the considerations which, if urged with a force greater than any we can claim, might possibly have some influence on all who, tempted by the attractions of the card-room or the turf, are not wholly dominated by their sway.

We may start with the proposition, that the principal object of any one who gambles or bets is to win. The argument that men usually and as a rule gamble for amusement, will not hold water. Occasionally men do play with much interest for stakes which are of little or no moment to them. A notable instance of this may be found in the late Mr. Forster,* who was devoted to whist, but was in no sense a gambler. And in every generation there have been a limited number of men, fond of card-play and betting, to whom a long run of loss would entail no inconvenience. But these are the exceptions. An enormous percentage of those who play cards or bet, do so to make money, and cannot afford to lose. Now, it is reasonable to ask a young man to calculate before he takes his first step, what his chances are at either. If he plays cards, he must do so with men who understand the game he selects better than he does. It is conceivable that he may have as great a genius for cards as Mr. Paul Morphy had for chess, in which case he may hold his own from the commencement. But unless this is so—and how often is it so?—the beginner will be at a disadvantage. Among the men he plays with, even supposing all the play to be fair,—a large concession—will be many who understand all the points of the game, all the *finesse* of which it is capable. Long experience and great labor will alone enable him to arrive at the same excellence. During the time necessary he must be a loser. The advantage will be ever against him, and, if the luck is equal, there will be a steady drain upon his resources. But what if the luck is not equal, but in his favor—a state of things every beginner hopes to realize? In such a case, improbable as it is, he will be encouraged to treat his winnings as income, and to adopt a system of expenditure which continued success

alone can justify. When men win, they spend their money because it is in their pocket; when they lose, they equally spend it, because a little more or less does not matter. When the luck turns—as no one who plays is, or can possibly be, always successful—the mode of life will not be changed, and other resources, whatever they are, will be called upon to make good not only losses but expenditure which they would not, even if there were no losses, support. No one can persistently win at cards, except those who apply their whole energies and intellect to card-play and make it a profession, or those who, like keepers of public tables, have a steady advantage in the conditions of the same. Such men as Deadly Smooth in Lord Lytton's famous comedy may, and in real life many of them do, make a steady income from play. But even these are losers, because their talents and perseverance, if devoted to any other pursuit, would produce a larger return. The ordinary player must at some time find the pull against him, and will probably always find it so. The young man, whatever his status in life is and whatever his abilities, must buy his experience. He is very likely to have to pay for it more than he can afford; and, if he gets it, he can only use it by a sacrifice of a vast amount of application and energy taken from other channels. Unless he draws largely upon his powers, mental, physical, and financial, he cannot be in a position to win. The alternatives which lie before him are continued and incessant loss, or the adoption of the profession of a gambler, in which for all other purposes he will be

Lost to life, and use, and fame,

turning night into day, with no enjoyments and no relaxation, sacrificed to the blandishments of a worse harlot than Vivien, and barely able to hear the echo of the world, "Oh fool."

If he bets, the chances are even greater against the beginner. The odds actually laid by book-makers are demonstrably less than the mathematical odds. It is their business to obtain, and they do obtain, a large amount of accurate information which enables them to lay certain bets with safety. Even if every horse in every race were to do its best to win, if there were no jockeys interested in losing, no owners looking forward to future handicaps, no trainers starting horses absolutely unbaked, the advantage would be with the layers, and not with the takers of

* See Wemyss Reid's *Life of Forster*, vol. ii., chap. xi, p. 474.

odds. Putting, for the sake of argument, all knavery on one side, and we fear this is the only condition on which we can put it on one side, the ordinary backer would be unable to get prices which would, in the long run, bring him out a winner. If any one doubts this, let him take for a year the mounts of a winning jockey, the most winning jockey. Let him presume that he has had a bet on every race in which that jockey has ridden. And we confidently assert that, in no year, and with no jockey, will he find that he would be a winner. Every young man who bets thinks that he has "information" which will lead to his success. Whence does such information come? For some one interested in deceit? from some one whose profession it is to give information in the assurance that, if he varies it enough, *some of it* will be right? From some one — this is perhaps the most favorable supposition — who has a *bonâ fide* knowledge of the secrets of the stable? In the first cases it is absolutely valueless, in the last it must, *ex hypothesi*, be of less use to him than it is to the owner or owners of the horse. In no one case can he take benefit by it. Owners of horses, never making a bet except on a horse meant to win, and with a good chance of winning, have found betting unprofitable. Clever men devoting themselves to a painstaking study of the performances of all the principal horses, understanding the conditions of each race, and carefully collecting and weighing every fact that the public can know about the state of health and powers of the horses competing, have found betting unprofitable. What possible chance can the outsider have, who acts on what he is told by a paragraph written in a newspaper, or by a horsey gentleman with a bird's-eye scarf in a club or a public-house?

But more is lost than money. And George Selwyn left out one thing, when he said that gambling consumed time, health, money, and thinking. Gambling, as Charles Kingsley says,* is almost the only thing in the world in which the honorable man is no match for the dishonorable man. The scrupulous man is weaker, by the very fact of his scruples, than he who has none. When a man begins to bet or play, he will probably have a high feeling of

honor, a strong moral sense, and only his surplus time will be devoted to his new pursuit. When he wins, he will consider it folly not to make the most of his luck. More and more of the hours of the day and week will be spent in the profitable occupation. He will be lavish and generous with his winnings, but his keenness in making them will grow. When he loses, he will bear the change with equanimity at first. The tide has ebbed, but will flow again soon. But if his luck is equal, and his skill enables him to take advantage of it, his losses will balance his gains, and the expenditure his winning has tempted him to incur must be made good from some other source. This can only be done with difficulty; and, as the difficulty grows, stronger and stronger effort must be made to meet it. Other interests in the man of leisure, other occupations in the man of business, will be more and more neglected. Domestic ties will lose their hold, the spur of laudable ambition be blunted. Big will loom before his eyes the need of recovering his losses. Other aims will lose in comparison. Even with the skilled player, who has fair chances, a run of bad luck is sure to come sooner or later. And as both skill and chances are against the man who bets, the evil time, with him at least, cannot be long put off. He will grow more and more absorbed in the task of regaining his lost ground. And, sad to say, he will grow less and less scrupulous about the method of doing it. This sacrifice and that will be made. Little by little, he will recede from the standard of behavior to which he once clung. Gradually will he whittle away the high moral sense which once controlled his actions. Slowly his character is undermined, and happy is he if the whole structure does not fall with a crash which whelms him in its ruin.

This is no imaginary picture. The records of the courts of law abound with cases in point. In some of them bankruptcy alone has followed failure. In many more a heavier penalty is incurred. The present state of things is a scandal to our cities, a grave danger to our position as a nation. It loudly calls for the anxious thought of all who care for the welfare of the people. And well would it be if some of the energy devoted to more questionable reforms were employed in an attempt to remedy a mischief which, serious as it is, is not beyond cure.

* Letter to Young Men on Betting and Gambling, p. 6.

From Temple Bar.

"A CHRONICLE OF TWO MONTHS."

CHAPTER VII.

MR. HAZLIT, to his sons' surprise, took the doctor's arrival quite peaceably; he even conformed to his directions, and never attempted to quit his room. I believe he is at last awake to the knowledge how frail his grasp on life grows, and is anxious that his hold of it may be strengthened, even by remedies which he formerly repudiated. Mentally, he often wanders. Septimus's wife is in the house now, except at night, constantly. It is impossible not to see the espionage she maintains, under direction, of course, over Lizzie. She knows every time she goes in or comes out of Mr. Hazlit's room, where Isabella herself, save when he is asleep, is not permitted to set foot. Maisie, however, is always being asked for by her grandfather, and he seems more tranquil when she is with him, and listens to her chatter, and lavishes endearments on her for hours at a time.

Her mother appears to owe me a grudge for having been the reluctant hearer of her ramblings the other day. She glowers sullenly at me, and avoids me; but she has had no relapse; her husband's need of her services has sobered her. I'm sorry for her, she is an unattractive person, not desirable for a wife. Still she is most unfairly dealt with; and the more I see of her, the more I am convinced that Septimus deliberately married her for money.

Keezie is fully advised of the watch this woman maintains over Lizzie, and of Lizzie's discomfort under it, and regards the situation with grim humor. She delights in rousing Isabella's suspicions with conjectures "why Miss Waylen did so and so," or "went to such a place," causing that lady many fruitless errands to remote parts of the house. Lizzie has not been beyond the garden since Mr. Hazlit was laid up, or I am sure she would be followed; and I know that innocent little Maisie is made an unconscious detective of what passes in the sick-room when she is there.

I sometimes wonder that Keezie does not ingratiate herself more with Isabella, who must eventually become the mistress of the house, and try to soften the dislike which that young woman bears her. Probably, however, she knows that she is certain to retain her post until the power of fulfilling its duties fails her, and there is no sign of that yet. Septimus will never dismiss her; he thoroughly recog-

nizes her peculiar value, so Isabella will be compelled to tolerate her presence, and suffer her veiled gibes. As for Lizzie, when the old man is dead, I do not imagine another sun will dawn upon her residence here — and a very good thing, too!

I infer that what the doctor gave as his opinion after his first visit may have determined Septimus to take his brother's counsel, and wait; for no locksmith has yet made his appearance. In a welcome interval of fine weather two or three days since, I went out, and bent my steps in the direction of the field where I formerly encountered Mr. Hazlit and Lizzie. I don't think I had a distinct intention of wetting my feet in damp grass, but, if so, it would have been balked. The high wooden gate was padlocked, and further secured by strong stakes. I could see that the grass had been cut, and also catch a glimpse of the little thicket. Some one had also been set to repair the breach through which I had made nefarious entrance; it is now so well filled up that a mouse could scarcely squeeze through.

I discovered by chance the other day, in talking to George Hazlit, that I have to thank him for the mirror by whose aid I dress so conveniently. It slipped out casually, and I thanked him. He must have been aware of the few poor inches of reflection which were all the room originally boasted; and I equally appreciate the fine common sense which told him that it was inadequate for a woman, and the kindness which made him improve upon it.

As a proof of the change that begins to come over me, after the passing of the light, as I sit now in a darkening room, — not the parlor, but the room graced by the limp, white woman who is still faintly distinguishable — I require quiet to reply to several letters whose unanswered condition weighs on my conscience; and Mrs. Hazlit is scolding Maisie loudly in the parlor, — looking meditatively out, and debating calling for candles, I feel a quick thrill at sight of a spot of red glow moving behind the trees which mark one side of the garden boundary. Keezie has regaled me lately with fantastic yarns of ghostly lights, will-o'-the-wisps, and still more alarming phenomena. These recur to me as I perceive the fiery point approaching; not steadily, for sometimes it is stationary for a moment, then passes swiftly in the rear of a tree, and remains awhile invisible. . . .

I broke off my diary so suddenly in some trepidation, because the red light which I was describing began to approach the house. My fear, however, was rendered ridiculous when I discovered that it was merely George Hazlit strolling along, with a cigar in his mouth, eying the windows interrogatively as he walked.

He did not see me until he was close outside, for it was the parlor window that monopolized his chief attention — then he called, "Will you come for a turn, Mrs. Markenfield? The paths are dry enough if you put thick boots on, and it is stuffy indoors."

Wonderful how a man's advent chases hobgoblins! I answered with alacrity, "The boots are on. I haven't changed them since my walk this morning. I will come directly."

An instant to close my writing-case, a pause in the dark hall to find my cloak, and I am breathing the freshness of the air with satisfaction, as we turn towards the terrace.

It is at the side of the house, and lies lower. Here and there, by twos and threes, are little steps in the paths we take, until we reach the avenue of fine old limes, planted much closer on the side next the building, and, were it not for the beacon-like cigar, screening us from observation from that quarter. On the other side the terrace is raised by a steep bank above some long fields belonging to the Owlery, and there the trees are much thinner, so as not to interfere with the view, which by a full light is very lovely.

A mist hangs over the fields, lurking thickest by the hedges. The sky is clear, but moonless, and the stars dot it thinly; but I have fair hopes of to-morrow, for the air has lost its oppressiveness, and feels dry and cool. Something sends a waft of delicious odor to my nose — not the limes, it is, of course, past their season, and there is a gentle rustling among shifting branches, for which George, noticing it, gives the German word — a most expressive one — that my ignorance does not retain. "This is a favorite lounge of mine in the evening;" he remarks, "perhaps all the more that I have it to myself. It's not popular."

"I question whether, as a rule, it would be with me. I should have to be in a healthy-minded state, that my surroundings could not affect, to enjoy coming here at dusk."

"Aren't you always healthy-minded?"

"I don't know — define healthy-mindedness, and I'll tell you."

"If you're never miserable, dull, or out of sorts without a clear reason. If, failing any other reason, you promptly score the state of your feelings down to health, and pooh-pooh them. If you're happy, unscientifically — without a 'Why, why?' 'Pick this to pieces, what is it worth?' If you never distort your own or your friends' trumped-up shortcomings into heinous sins, and don't yearn to become aristocratic in your virtues, feeling that most of the world are going democratically downhill — well, then I should say you're sound."

I reflected. My sensations lately had certainly rendered me liable to a charge of morbidity, although I think in the main I am free from that affliction. Instead of pleading one way or the other, I said, —

"I should fancy from your tone, Mr. Hazlit, the healthy-minded are the class of the community which you prefer."

He gave a mischievous laugh. "There you nearly admit you don't belong to them. If I like people, or a person, I don't stop to enquire if their hidden springs are all such as I should kindly approve of. Perhaps," he concluded, with a sly side-glance, "if they were shown by the outward sign of an aversion to the smell of tobacco — even in the open air — it might induce me to do so."

"Now I shall retort. You like to come here *alone, in the evening*, to smoke. There must be sentiment somewhere in the background. Sentimentality is violently opposed to healthy-mindedness."

"Oh — pardon! Nothing of the sort. How can it be? Ask yourself — isn't it one of the passive joys of life? Nothing ruffling about it. Sometimes you unearth it — I don't, but you may — in the form of shabby old letters that soothe and gratify you with the remembrance of the pretty things you have written, or had written to you, in your day. Or it comes soothingly upon you unawares, led up to by some subtle concatenation of ideas. I should never call anything so harmlessly agreeable 'unhealthy'; over a pipe by the aid of sentiment we *faire dodo* of our past; put the teasing part to sleep, and enjoy crooning a lullaby over its cradle."

"I agree with what you say; and I can fancy recollection painting things so pleasantly that it would be likely to pave the way for a revival. If you stir up even very dead-looking coals sometimes, you know, they flame up again."

But my companion did not take my pretty suggestion in good part. He vigorously dashed away the remnant of his

cigar, and threw up his hands in horror. "If that was to be my case, I'd forswear them forever. Fancy two distinct parts of your life insisting on uniting themselves simultaneously in your unfortunate person! It seems to me I would as soon go for a walking tour in my baby's socks, or play cricket in my first flannels."

"Oh, your old-clothes simile won't do all round. In my own experience I have seen certain episodes most satisfactorily resumed. For instance, I have witnessed it in the matter of —"

"The matter of?"

"The matter of —"

"The matter of love. Why does the lady shirk the good old word? It is in a little discredit in these times; we make 'like' do a good share of its duty; but it is time-honored, and, with the thing it stands for, very stale, yet ever new."

"Reply, if you please!"

"Well — let me see. The personal test is the strongest. Putting the poker in my one cinder-heap ought to impel me to go forthwith to Heidelberg, and marry my cousin?"

I gave an interrogative nod of my head.

"No. I thought we were very near — once; but since I bade her good-bye as Rémak's affianced my ideas began to remove her further and further away. I mean in sympathy, fancy, etc.; of course, we were really parted long before I found it out. It seems to me, now, that she's an entirely different person, which is a very bad sign. I have a tenderness, owing to her, for my student days, and for the pretty little cousin she was *then*. She made a flowery, unsordid part, in a badly reared, kept down, loveless youth. Frieda had the whole of what young men at that age generally divide pretty freely, but she didn't want it, so she very sensibly pitched it back to me."

"And I believe, by your manner, that it would be hard to humble your *pride* to offer it again?"

"Why, Mrs. Markenfield, if my — my affections" — bringing out the words with the demure half-banter men frequently assume when they deprecate romantic expressions — "were unchanged, there would still be some struggle there. But you don't seem to like me? I believe women cling to that idea of loving — only to the *idea*, by the bye — once and for aye, which, it is a substantial blessing to most people, is little more than pretty poetry. Surely I have as good a right *not* to love Madame Rémak now, as Frieda Wagner had not to love *me* 'once upon a time.'"

"Do you think she would have you, if you asked her?"

"Um — I think she would — marry me. Yes, I do; you are laughing at my conceit? But would it be particularly flattering — think it out? She has two boys to bring up, and little to do it on. She is almost as dependent on other people's counsel — say *my* counsel, as a hop is on its pole. She knows my means; I think it would be her distinct duty to accept me, even with her first husband unforgotten. So I shall never put the temptation in her way. I can help her and the lads without that."

"How good of you!"

"Good! My child — I beg your pardon. Didn't I tell you how shabbily her mother was treated?"

"Yes; before you were born. It doesn't lie at your door. You are a generous man, Mr. Hazlit."

"There's a complete mistake. Listen, while I make confession. Nature meant me for the greatest screw in the family. The possession of filthy lucre charms me, it slips reluctantly from my hands."

"Yet you risked losing some in offending your father by doing this. I don't believe you."

"Well — allow the influence of a spirit of determination, for I'm as obstinate as he is." Here his face changed to thoughtfulness, which the quiet skies revealed indistinctly, as he slightly raised his head. "The poor old man — he is hard by the end now — the end; and clings to life. If it was in my power to prolong his days for a season I would make some sacrifice to do so, though I know he would employ the grant in the old miserable style. But yet," there was an emotion in his voice as he concluded, which shook it, "in all my life, he has felt no more for me — than yonder tree does. He has been no father to one amongst us. I lose nothing in him, and shall search in vain for a softening recollection to endue his memory with."

How true, how sadly true his words were I knew from Keezie; also that the circumstances connected with his mother's death, of which he did not breathe a syllable to me, had cut to the very core of the young man's nature.

We kept silence for a time. I was looking with solemn thoughts at the solitary light shining from the upper part of the dark mass which defined the Owlery, where one, whose last days should have been tended by the solicitude of those belonging to him, whose bedside might have been a rallying-point for the affection

there remains so brief a span to testify, was lying, keeping them at bay, forbidden, almost, to cross his doorway, mistrusting and hating them to the last.

We had made two silent turns upon the terrace, when I perceived some objects defined against the white mist that fringed the hedges a little distance down the field. At the same time my sharp ears caught the faint sound of voices. My companion, deeply lost in reflections, did neither, and I did not attract his attention. I watched the objects.

They did not move at first; then a sort of struggle appeared to take place between them, but accompanied by no noise. Finally, one, swiftly darting from the other, came nearer and nearer the terrace, and with a foot too light to betray its passage over the ground, scaled the bank, crossed our path at its extremity, and vanished; but not without striking George's quick eye.

"Wasn't that some one on the terrace? Yes; and there is another some one in the field, I see. Halloo! you vagabond, what are you doing there? The devil! it's a man. I'll make him give an account of why he is trespassing on our premises."

He left my side; vaulted down the bank, and made for the intruder; who, on his part, quitted the shelter of the hedge and advanced to meet him.

Then, clear on the quiet night air, came the careless tones of Septimus.

"No occasion for violence, old fellow; it's I."

"Skulking about a damp field — at this time! Well, for a man who has the gout by seasons, and enjoys comfort when he can get it gratis, you've chosen a funny place. What *are* you doing?"

"The same as yourself — up on the terrace there. Talking to a pretty woman."

The air carried the words better than the speaker intended, or than either of the two imagined.

"What pretty woman could you find in this field?"

The expression of Septimus's voice scarcely changed as he replied, —

"That girl of my father's. I saw her as I was coming home from the office, later than usual, climbing the gate at the bottom; and when I spoke to her she flew like a lunatic. I was rather curious to know where she had been and I followed to enquire, but I got nothing but gasps and — ahem! — lies for my pains. She was empty-handed, however."

"Why the deuce can't you let her alone? She'll be out of your way before long; and if she gets a legacy — which is doubtful — she has thoroughly well earned it."

"Ah! she's artful enough to do the lot of us yet. And I was only politely inquisitive."

They were now sufficiently close for Septimus to raise his hat to me, and say with bland courtesy, —

"I'm sorry I can't give myself the pleasure of remaining with you. My hands are none the better for scaling a gate or two, and I feel the necessity of a good brush."

The brothers parted; and as George rejoined me, where I leant against a tree, he began reassuringly, —

"I hope you haven't been frightened alone here. You see it was only Septimus and Miss Waylen, having some sort of skirmish as to why she was out to-night."

But I stopped him. Barely had he reached me, when I caught his arm and exclaimed, with real apprehension, —

"Has he gone after her? Follow, follow them, please. Don't let him overtake her!"

Keeping my hands tight in his own and bending low, he said in a half-remonstrating, half-caressing way, to which his full, masterful voice adapted itself very well, —

"You've had too much of this old terrace, we'll go in. There's no reason to alarm yourself. Lizzie is up-stairs, safe enough before now; and he won't follow her there. Perhaps Isabella may have a *mauvais quart d'heure*, but that I can't interfere with. My brother, like several of the vastly clever kind, is over-suspicious. Why, you're trembling! Let me pull that cloak closer. I'm afraid you've taken cold."

I made a gesture of dissent. And then, impelled to do so as a relief to a portion of the restrained feelings of the last few days, I told him, as we went back to the house, what had passed between Lizzie and me on the morning of my rejected proposal. I described her agitation, and recounted, as faithfully as I was able, all she had then said, feeling, with vexation, how difficult it is to transmit impressions as we receive them. He was quite attentive, but he shrugged his shoulders now and again, and when I had finished, said,

"She could go if she wished, Mrs. Markenfield, that's nonsense! I can think of no reason to hinder her accepting your offer. Don't you really believe if she wanted to go she would?"

"But she seemed wretched. She cried

and declared she would give the world to be free to leave. Then said she 'couldn't,' she 'must not.'"

"She was hysterical; she certainly has too much put upon her. Now the task must be awful. There shall be a nurse got, or some arrangement made. But, on my honor, there is nothing to keep Lizzie here; and personally I wish she'd gone years ago."

"Do you dislike her?"

"No; but I emphatically dislike her presence in the house. It's a false position, which has raised scandal; I assure you I'm convinced it is groundless, but all of us are not—especially stupid old Keezie. I think my father has placed her in her peculiar post, in terrorism over us. His money is his own to do as he chooses with; and, perhaps, he has enjoyed exciting our fears. Old men do leave their property curiously, you know. Well, as far as I'm specially concerned, she might have the lot. But to talk of being obliged to stop—nonsense!"

"There is one part of what she said to you," he concluded, as we gained the porch, and heard a rasping sound that denoted the securing of windows, "which I selfishly wish might have weight. She begged you not to hurry your departure. I can easily conceive, in her not too agreeable life, how pleasant your kindness must have been. May I—the request makes me feel ridiculous, considering the footing your residence here is upon—but may I say, as a fellow-lodger, ask you not to desert the Owlery for a short time longer? See the clear sky—I believe the weather's going to mend—and don't be afraid of bogies—there are none. If there were, I should be delighted to drive them off for you."

I could make no immediate answer. The door in front of us opened quickly, and Septimus and his wife, she sullen, he smiling, appeared on the threshold, prepared to depart to their bald little abode down the road.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE morning succeeding our conference, George paid an early visit to his brother—I saw him go, as I was dressing—to discuss the project of engaging a nurse for Mr. Hazlit. After some confabulation it was decided that, for the present, Isabella should relieve Miss Waylen. The old man, lately, has been more light-headed than at first, and inclined to fall into long dozes, from which he sometimes wakes in a state of preternatural acuteness

of intellect, and sometimes in a condition of semi-oblivion to all around him. In one of the latter of these states I went in to see him, and was startled by the ghastly change his illness had worked upon his features. His deeply sunken eyes, starting in their brightness, followed Lizzie's every movement about the room, but he called her "Damaris."

Of me, oddly enough, he had a correct remembrance, answered my questions regarding his health, and said nothing to mark an unsettled brain, but the words, spoken very fretfully, that "Septimus would have been a good husband for me, and it would have squared things—evened them more." I was devoutly grateful that Isabella was not by at the moment; but my predominant feeling, as I sat in that mean, barrack-like room, was entire compassion for the wreck of life, whose long, gaunt limbs, bereft of all power and vigor, were stretched on the hard wooden bedstead.

The old man's mind does not cease to run horribly upon his money. Disconnected allusions to investments, bitter menaces against debtors, and ramblings concerning locks which Lizzie must keep well guarded, "and not let them get at until the proper time, Damaris! They'll get as much as they want at the proper time; won't they? Eh?" He partly rises from his pillow when he fiercely jerks out "Eh?" and waits impatiently for an answer. Then, seemingly satisfied by an assenting one, falls back upon it.

Maisie was there when I was, playing at the bedside with a little doll; watching her grandfather, and occasionally addressing him in her clear treble. Very wonderful is the innocent composure and placid curiosity with which these babies often gaze upon what to their elders is so awe-inspiring, or even repulsive.

This child is so engaging, that it is barely credible she is her mother's daughter. The first thing that Mr. Hazlit invariably does with returning consciousness is to ask for her. She has slept in the house a week now, and I often have her company in my bedroom. The long glass pleases her vastly, and she curtsies and turns about to her own little image in full, with high delight.

I was by when Mrs. Hazlit dryly stated to Lizzie that she was prepared to lighten her labor, when it became too trying for her. She made the announcement in a way as if she presumed the offer would not be particularly welcome. But she was mistaken. The poor girl has worn to a

thread, latterly; and a gleam of eager relief came into her face, as she replied, quickly, —

"I shall be very glad. It's very kind of you, Mrs. Hazlit; and if I can arrange that Mr. Hazlit —"

"Arrange!" the woman laughed offensively. "No doubt, if he's asked, he won't suffer me in the room, instead of you, a minute. But, as he's generally wool-gathering, I don't see why you've any reason to mention it."

"Perhaps," I put in, to distract Isabella's malicious eye from Lizzie's vivid blush, "as Miss Waylen looks so very tired this morning, it would do her good to have a complete rest in her own room to-night. If you don't care for so long a watch, Mrs. Hazlit, I could relieve you. I am a nurse of some experience."

"Oh, it won't kill me, Mrs. Markenfield, thank you!" she answered. "I'm strong enough, when nothing worries me; and if I should take a nap in a chair the old man would wake me if he stirred. I always sleep with one eye open."

I should not have thought this. On my own private judgment I should have pronounced the lady to be blest with deep and heavy slumbers. After this assertion she betook herself on some errand to the kitchen, and shortly engaged in a war of words with Mrs. Skey, from which she retired undeniably worsted.

I took a long ramble that day, which was as fine as one could wish, starting alone, but meeting George when I was some distance from the Owlery on my way back. The doctor was emerging from the gate as we returned, and, to my companion's queries, reported his patient somewhat better.

Commenting on this, I told George how pleased I felt that Lizzie was to have an occasional respite from her attendance, and he replied, "I did my best for a regular nurse. But Septimus would have it this way; on the candle-end principle, doubtless. I know the old man will have none of it when his wits are about him."

"Do you think," I enquired, "that it is possible he may get round, for a time?"

"Yes; I do now. I didn't a day or two back. But he has a marvellous constitution."

Later on, Septimus dropped in, and held a rather protracted colloquy with his wife, alone. It seemed he urged, what I had suggested, that she should remain to sit up that night. The sight of him reminded me of the episode of the preceding one, concerning which I had had no

opportunity of any words with Lizzie. The doctor's opinion of Mr. Hazlit's present state was communicated to him by his wife, I believe; and I was surprised to notice that when he came across me, immediately afterwards, his manner was more elate than usual, though he is always in good spirits. I was with Maisie, trying to find a clue through a labyrinthine mess she had made of a hideous scrap of wool-work, Keezie's gift, destined when completed to form an offering to "grandpa," when I heard his cheerful "How are you?" and looked up to see him, clear-skinned and trim, trifling with a handkerchief, with a peculiar-patterned blue border, which was protruding jauntily from his pocket.

He sat down on the settee beside me. "Maisie, you're teasing as usual. What on earth is *that* thing, Mrs. Markenfield?" He caressed the child while speaking, dwelling with pleasure on her golden hair, her sweeping brown lashes, and the wonderful bloom, at once so vivid and so delicate, that only tints cheeks so young.

It did not delight me when the critical regard turned from Maisie, bending over her woolly horror, too engrossed to deign him any attention, to me. I have the average share of vanity, but as already during the day I had listened to some remarks, not offered as mere compliments, concerning hair that looked as bright under a thunder-cloud as in the sunbeams, and grey eyes that had been ridiculously idealized, I was afraid of an outbreak from another quarter. Furthermore, I intensely dislike this man's admiration, even when silent.

"The worthy medico, I hear," he went on, "thinks we may by-and-by be rejoicing over a recovery. What an unlooked-for termination to our protracted anxiety!"

The sarcasm was thinly glazed. It is Septimus's way to keep just an outer layer of banter over sentiments which his acute worldly sense does not expect will be credited.

"Yes, I should think very unlooked-for."

He went quietly on.

"Life's sweet! I sympathize with the clutch of it; even when it's a horse that has thrown you, and tries to kick itself away, while you flounder in the mud, grasping its tail. My sympathy, in fact, leads me to respect it even in its lowest forms. I wouldn't kill a grub if it left my fruit-trees alone; and although now Thomas Hazlit's life has left the stage of active usefulness or enjoyment behind, I

hope it has still some evening of repose and calm ahead."

"I hope so."

"I know that, Mrs. Markenfield." With a slight laugh he put his elbow on his knee, and leant his face on his hand, so that he could stare fully into mine, then spoke with marked significance.

"In different circumstances, with a factor—ought I to say *factress*?—in my present situation non-existent, my piety might have been less. Certain hopes—I don't think they would have been delusive—*my* hopes never are delusive—might have aroused impatience. As it is, my fate being fixed, and my mercenary tendencies of the chastened kind, my filial wishes have no motive to weaken them."

I both disbelieved, and comprehended him, thoroughly, with great, though repressed, resentment, and thoroughly he knew it. Added to which, for the last few minutes I had been intensely aware that one of his arms was stretched along the back of the settee, and that my least movement entailed touching it. I could not well rise; Maisie had placed her stores in my lap, and, also, I wished to appear perfectly careless of what was, in itself, insignificant. Had he put his hand on my shoulder, or his face nearer to mine, I should forthwith have sprung to my feet; but the child's presence was a check. Besides, he is prudent, and he did not wish to give me an excuse for taking offence; the sort of intuition of my feelings I am, sure he possessed was enough for him.

It seemed to me he lingered for ages, alternately trifling with the little girl, and talking to me. His conversation reminds me of skating. He skims rapidly, smoothly, over so large a stretch of subject-matter in such a short time. He often passes the post marked "Dangerous," but his tread is so transient, his passage so swift, that ere I can resent his leading we are on conventional tracks again.

But at length he consulted his watch, jumped up, shook hands and said good-bye, taking Maisie with him to share some sweets with Lulu. "I shall keep you at home to-night, puss. Your mother is going to stay with grandfather, and your poor father's afraid of wild beasts, by himself."

She rushed at his heels shouting, "Silly father! Silly father!" and I breathed freely.

I did not remain there. From the terrace I watched the sun drop out of sight, a magnificent monarch in a palace of rose

and purple; saw the sky, save for a faint pink line in the west, assume that soft, greenish blue against which trees and all prominent objects stand out like marvellous carving. I had been urgently invited to the spot again; and we walked to and fro until the deepest dusk which was to fall that night from the clear heaven was around us.

As I was going up to my bedroom, forth from Mr. Hazlit's door came Isabella, in a long red dressing-gown. She was stealing cautiously to the stairs, when she spied me, and stopped short.

"I thought you had gone to bed, Mrs. Markenfield," she stammered confusedly.

"Do you want anything, Mrs. Hazlit?"

"Oh, no, no! nothing. I came to see if the doors were fast." Nobody but Keezie ever touches bolts and bars."

"How is Mr. Hazlit?"

"Fast asleep; has been a long time—he doesn't know I'm here, and Miss Waylen has gone to bed."

"I'm very glad. I hope you'll have a quiet night."

"Thank you. Good-night."

While we spoke she had shifted her eyes from the floor to the walls, from walls to ceiling. She gazed anywhere but at me. Her manner was so exceedingly peculiar that I wondered. I might have frustrated her in some purpose by meeting her just then. She is a blunderer in deception; the *role* may or may not be sympathetic, but, certainly, the performance is weak. My mood when alone was much more pleasant than has been the case for some time. I put out the candle before finishing undressing, and opened the window wide. The night was warm, and very still. There was not a cloud upon the great dome which hung, studded thickly with stars, over the quiet garden. There seemed a luminousness in the atmosphere which made every object below distinctly visible. I could even discriminate between the different degrees of density caused by the various shades of the belt of trees circling the lawn. I undressed slowly, dreamily thinking. I am not quite equal to expressing my thoughts, perhaps they were not sufficiently definite for that, but until I was in bed, I should have said that I was in the frame of mind to be first agreeably held awake, and then drop imperceptibly to sleep. But I had not lain long before I discovered that slumber, instead of advancing, appeared to be steadily receding. A feverish restlessness, a tiresome activity in following up every end of thought that struck me,

was gradually exciting me. Brief snatches of oblivion, of not more than a few moments' duration, from which I started nervously, my heart beating with undefined apprehension, increased my ultimate wakefulness. This is the sure commencement of a veritable "Walpurgis night," when every crack of furniture or planking, every stir of curtain and coverlet, every faint sound arising or fancied on distant staircases and passages, becomes significant, and the —

vague spiritual fear,
Like to some doubtful noise of creaking doors,
Heard by the watcher in a haunted house,
That keeps the rust of murder on the walls,
waves its spectral sword.

I knew I was alone in the room, but by degrees I ceased to feel so. The air — the invisible, all-surrounding air — took a voice. Faint stirs, like the rustling of wings, made, I doubt not, by birds in the ivy outside, suggested to me a horrible story of some vindictive avenger, who, under the form of the bird of night from which this house derives its name, invaded the solitude of a victim and killed him. As they slowly dragged on, those few hours of the night brought actual agony.

At last amidst these morbid fancies came a sound that was neither buzzing of insect's wing, or crack of time-worn wood. It was near my door, but whether growing nearer or more distant I could not distinguish. It was like a muffled tread, falling very — very — slowly, accompanied by a soft, heavy dragging upon the floor.

Unable to lie longer I sprang from the bed and groped my way towards the casement. I looked up first at the dense blue, pierced with winking points of light — looked until my thoughts were calmer, until my fears gradually ebbed under the soothing of a great protection that seemed to descend in serene supremacy of majesty, compelling the turmoil of terror to give place to the quiescence of awe.

When my raised glance at last fell I had become a rational creature. Turning my eyes downwards to the garden, shall I ever forget the horror that made my knees fail me, and my whole body tremble, as "O God! what is it?" escaped me like a cry.

Something moving slow and noiselessly along, almost below the window. It seemed unnaturally tall, and its dim white outline had a mistiness such as no material form had ever presented to me. To my vision its outline was surrounded by a faint luminous circle, marked upon the path in contrast to the shadows. Al-

though its passage was so deliberate, so quiet, its long garment seeming to trail lightly as a cloud behind it, it was yet a menacing presence. Once, twice, the folds of its wrappings were furiously tossed and agitated; an arm was raised and shaken, as calling calamity upon the house.

Spellbound, I yet leant further out to mark its course. It passed beneath, went on and turned an angle that hid it from my sight. But at the turn it lifted the light it had been holding low against its side. Lifted it so that a ray streamed over its grim features and wild white hair and beard.

That broke the spell. I allowed no interval to collect my ideas. One impulse surged so high that it overbore everything. To obtain instant satisfaction from a dread that was weirder and more ghastly in its strangeness than that of any delusive spectre, I seized a long heavy jacket that was hanging up, whose folds enveloped me entirely, concealing even my feet which I hastily thrust into stockings and slippers, and forgetting my fallen, disordered hair, recking nothing of how startling my appearance would be, I stumbled to the door, turned the handle, and reached the wide landing where the dim light struggling faintly through the great square-paned window seemed to converge on the monkey sentinel of the stair-head.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

MINICOY: THE ISLAND OF WOMEN.

CONCLUSION.

LET us now turn our attention to the shore, which we can see is crowded with people. Those groups in dark long robes must be women. They have heard of our arrival, and as the boats are returned so early from the fishing-grounds, we must be coming on shore, and so they have come out to see and welcome us.

They are not disappointed. We land opposite the government office of the island — a neat little thatched stone-and-mortar house, with a verandah running round it, and on the sea-front a large thatched *pandal* (structure raised on poles) to give additional shade, and to keep off the glare, while admitting every breath of air that blows.

We find it stocked with a table and one or two wooden chairs and benches, so we sit down to breakfast, and rest before starting to view the settlement.

As the meal is finished, and cheroots are lighted, a deputation is announced. Who? Only the ladies of the island come to pay their respects to the strangers. The deputation is ushered in, and, headed by a grave, matronly lady, a bevy of modest-looking, healthy girls, bearing island produce of all kinds, comes forward, and spreads at our feet a number of baskets containing eggs and vegetables and fruit, and an odd chicken or two. The striped silk gown worn by them extends nearly to the ankles, and has a hole for the head to pass through, and short sleeves, in many cases very tastefully embroidered. The gown fits pretty closely to the figure, and shows off its wearer's charms very becomingly; and sometimes a white, sometimes a green, under-garment shows itself below the skirt of the gown. Although Muhammadan by religion, they are all unveiled and bareheaded. We ask a few questions through an interpreter, convey our thanks, and then, with much propriety, the deputation files out. What? Another deputation of ladies? Yes; in they come, and lay their gifts before us and depart. And another, and another, and another, succeed each other in quick succession, till we are perfectly bewildered with deputations and gifts, and ask how many more there are to come. We are told there are ten altogether; and then we begin to wonder, Is there any magic in the decennial number? Why not eleven or nine?

Our interpreter begins to explain that there are ten *varângis* in the island. But what is a *varângi*? we perplexedly ask. A *varângi* is a female institution peculiar to Minicoy; at least we have met the organization nowhere else.

The ladies are organized separately from the men, who again are organized into *attiris*. Happy matrons! — happy men! — we interject.

Let us investigate this a little. But, hilloa! — here come the deputations back again; for as we settle down to a cross-examination of our interpreter, a fresh bevy of girls and women comes filing into view, each carrying a water-pot. Why the water-pots? But we are speedily enlightened; for, just throwing a curious glance or two at us, they file past our verandah, and one by one pour water into a big tub. That water is intended for our use while ashore. We are proceeding to thank the women for their services, and begin to think of remuneration, when our interpreter stops us. It is the custom of the island for the women so to treat strangers, and no remuneration is either

asked or expected; their head-women arrange it among themselves, we are told, and each *varângi* takes its turn at the task. So we just throw a grateful glance or two at the bonniest and sonsiest of our fair servers, who receive the attention nothing loath, but with much decorum, and then we settle down again, determined to get at the bottom of this *varângi* and *attiri* business.

We find that the township is divided into ten *varângis*, but into only nine *attiris*. Comparing the names however, we discover that the two exactly correspond, except in regard to two of the former, to which there is but one corresponding *attiri*. These divisions of the township, then, are territorial in their character.

But for what purpose are these separate male and female divisions organized? is our next point.

The answer we receive is a curious one, and takes long to tell.

Did you ever hear of the discoveries of Trembley about the middle of last century? We presume not; so let us explain a little. Well, then, there is a zoophyte called *Hydra viridis*, of the order of *Acalepha*, or sea-nettles, which possesses certain extraordinary qualities. These qualities Trembley discovered and made known to the astonished scientific world. With the aid of a thick pointless boar's bristle, and delicate manipulation, he turned that unfortunate zoophyte inside out, just as you might do the fingers of a kid glove. The polype died, of course, you suggest. No such thing. It lived: and, what is more, its stomach became its outer skin; and its outer skin, finding itself in such a novel position, adapted itself to circumstances and became its stomach, able to digest worms and other such succulent morsels!

Now we are going to ask you to effect a somewhat similar operation on yourself. It is not, however, with your stomach we wish you to deal, but with your mind and its associations.

Take unto yourself a new understanding — we do not say that that is an easy matter, far from it. The needle stuck through the neck of the polype, which prevented its reversion to its original form, will be indispensable in your case if you wish clearly to apprehend what follows.

You have hitherto been brought up to consider that the man is the natural head of the house and of the family. Put that idea away from you for the present, and imagine a state of society in which *the*

woman, and not the man, is the recognized head of the house, and in doing so you will have taken the first and most important step towards a clear apprehension of the relations between the sexes in Minicoy.

Have you got that fact clearly and firmly fixed in your mind? Yes. Well, then, you are ready for the next step in advance, and you will accept without cavil or ungallant comment our next position, which is, that the ladies so placed manage their affairs far better than the gentlemen. You doubt the fact. Then go to Minicoy, and satisfy yourself how it can be done.

There the ladies will have no breaking up of homes, until sheer necessity from want of space compels them to it. There you may see with your own eyes grandmothers, mothers, and daughters all living peaceably together; and not only that, but grandfathers, fathers, and sons all members of the same household — eating out of the common pot, and living in peace and friendship *all under one roof*.

"Every woman in the island is dressed in silk," says the official report already quoted; and well they can afford it too, say we, for are not the economy of the plan and the wisdom of the ladies self-evident?

The houses belong to the women, — everything in the house belongs to them; the men work hard as sailors and fishermen, and tree-climbers, in plucking nuts, but whatever they earn goes into the family stock, and increases the family substance.

The men even belong to the women, and wise they are to accept the position, and to submit to their fate!

But, you suggest, you have already told us they marry among themselves — what happens then? you ask.

There is, let us say, a household of Browns, and another household of Joneses. Moreover, A, a daughter of the household of Brown, loves, and is beloved by, B, of the household of Jones. B comes home from a voyage to Calcutta in the *Dharia Beg*. He brings with him in his sea-chest the silken gowns and other joys which A expects. Happy is their meeting, and in the great marrying month of May, when the island registrar is busy with his books, they are duly wed. Well, what happens? Does Miss A. Brown become Mrs. B. Jones, and live happy ever after? Not a bit of it. *Au contraire*, Mr. B. Jones becomes — how shall we express the idea? — our English fails us to find an equivalent, — but if we might, without unsexing Mr. B. J. (for he is far too smart a sailor

to permit of our doing him that injustice), say that he becomes Mrs. A. Brown, we should be conveying as near an approach to the truth as our halting English will allow.

Anyhow, the result is that, with his acquisitions, either hereditary — for the Minicovites follow strictly the Prophet's law on that point — or self-amassed, Jones passes quietly into the Brown family household, sinks his Jones patronymic, and becomes a Brown.

Jones's children, who are, of course, like himself Browns and not Joneses, in due time succeed to Jones's separate property, for at his marriage the acquisitions he brought with him belong to him and his wife as long as they remain members of the Brown household. Following the Muhammadan law, Jones's sons get double the portions of his daughters. The sons in due course marry, and in like manner become, let us say, Robinsons, and take with them to the Robinson household their shares of Jones's goods. But Jones's daughters remain always Browns, and their shares go to swell the household stock of the Browns, augmented, of course, in due time by the goods their husbands bring with them from, let us say, the household of Smith, among whom they select their husbands.

Let us follow the fortunes of the Browns a little further. The Brown daughters are numerous and prolific; the Brown family house is incapable any longer of holding them all; there is no land adjacent whereon to build the additional accommodation required — what happens then? Such a contingency is not regarded with much equanimity either by the elders of the Brown household or by the younger members themselves; but of course necessity — and this applies more particularly to the poorer classes of the community — sometimes compels them to break up the household. And in such a case the husbands and men of the Brown household select a fresh piece of land, and build for the eldest daughter and her husband and family a new house, to which the eldest daughter and her family are in due course transferred, thereby founding a fresh household of Browns, which, to distinguish it from the original house, is called, let us say, the household of the Brown-Smiths.

In like manner the second daughter and her family are next, if necessary, provided for, and so on until the original Brown household is reduced to manageable proportions once more.

Sheer necessity, from lack of space, however, alone compels the family thus to break up, and often the family house is much overcrowded by reason of the reluctance with which the members resort to the extreme step of founding fresh households. The ladies, in particular, endeavor most zealously to keep the family together, *for thus economy in management is most readily secured.*

But enough for the present of mere talk, let us go out and view the ladies in their own homes. The sun is high in the heavens, and although there is a strong breeze blowing, we shall be the better of white umbrellas and sunshades in the open spaces uncovered by trees. So, thus provided, we start. First we come across a group of children of both sexes crowding to the apothecary to be vaccinated or treated for petty ailments. A gateway to our right in a stone-and-mortar wall leads into the Great South Pandâram, a huge orchard of cocoanut palm and other trees, of which more anon. But what is this tied conspicuously to a palm-tree at the gate? a bit of the tip end of a cocoanut-leaf, with part of the stem bared of the fronds, and the remaining fronds tied with a knot at the end of each, and so splayed out. That means that no islander may, without special orders from the head-man of the island, pass into the orchard, which is strewn temptingly with nuts which have dropped from the tress.

We next pass some tanks of fresh water cut out of the solid limestone rock, which underlies the soil of the island at a depth of a foot or two. Sweet and wholesome the water is, as we have already tested, and yet it rises and falls with the tides!

Just before we enter among the houses the pathway diverges, and at the angle is the dry leafless branch of a tree stuck into the ground. Pendent from the crooked points of the branch hang numerous vessels formed of double cocoanut-shells. One shell is placed end up on another shell, the joint is neatly fitted, and the two shells are tied together firmly by three strings of finely twisted coir yarn; to the lips of the upper shell a string is attached for the vessel to hang by, and the vessel itself is half full of a liquid which we find to be palm-juice toddy of the unfermented kind. To prevent fermentation, a limestone pebble or two from the beach are placed in each vessel. But why are these hung here, we ask? And the answer is, that the toddy-drawer draws for several households, and the household vessels full of toddy are placed here, to be re-

moved by their households at their leisure. It is clear that thieving is not common among the community, for the toddy-pots full of the liquid are left here in a retired but public spot without any protection against theft.

From the unfermented sweet toddy the islanders prepare sugar and sundry toothsome sweetmeats.

But here we come to the village — the sandy path is clean, and we fail to discover the slightest ill odor. Moreover, the path is neatly fenced off from the courtyards of the houses by rough stone walls or by plaited cocoanut-leaf hedges.

Passing a mosque, with its adjacent burial-ground, we are struck by the care taken to mark permanently the last resting-places of the community. At the head of each grave is a beautifully carved and inscribed headstone, a foot to thirteen inches in height, those of males being distinguished from those of females by having a square point to the rounded top of the headstone, while those of females have the top rounded off.

The path becomes very narrow, and the houses more and more numerous. The latter are all thatched. What havoc a fire would make, we imagine! but the danger is not really so great as it appears, first, because the township lies hidden in a regular blanket of lofty cocoanut-palm trees which prevents the breeze from striking it severely; and next, because the islanders — the men — are admirably organized into *attiris*, and one duty of the *attiri* is to assemble sharp at the point of danger directly three blasts on the island alarm-trumpet — a conch-shell with a bit broken off at the apex — go booming through their island homes.

But what jauntily decorated building is this on our right, with its gable-end set off with quaint designs in bright green, and yellow, and crimson? A low murmur of people talking reaches our ears — not men's voices clearly. As we approach the quaintly neat stone-built and plastered but thatched structure, our approach is observed, and there is a rush of silken-clad women and girls from the open gable-end lying away from us as we near it. They collect in a group a short way off, and watch our proceedings. A girls' school? No; for the ladies have left their work behind them in their flight, and that consists chiefly of coir fibre and coils of spun coir yarn. A manufactory, we ask? No; it is the *varangi* meeting-house — the *varangi* ladies' club! Its appropriation to female uses exclusively is manifest.

It is a rectangular structure, with one gable end open; round the three enclosed sides runs a low divan edged off with wood; divan and floor are beaten hard and worn smooth by naked feet; rows of cowrie-shells have been let into the hard surface of the floor and divan in elegant curves and figures. There are one or two small barred windows, and on the walls hang sundry flaming pictures, in the native style, of impossible heroes and heroines in the gaudiest of colors, varied by a stray picture or two from some illustrated English newspaper; and interspersed among these are various bits of mirror, sure proof that the Minicovite female society is not indifferent as to its looks. The floor and divan are strewn with the coir fibre and yarn, in process of manufacture.

Let us call up the head-woman and ask her what functions are here enacted. Let us try to penetrate the mystery how she manages to restrain the tongues of her younger sisters, and keep scandal within due bounds. At our request the head-woman of the varāngi, a matronly, good-looking, self-possessed lady, advances, and in the simplest way, without any self-conscious shyness, tells us why they were there.

The *Malumi*, *Takkaru*, and *Khalu* women usually, she says, start for the coir-beating grounds, which lie behind the township, at 5.30 or 6 A.M. But who are these, we ask? And then it appears that the islanders, though exclusively Muhammadan by religion, are divided very strictly into castes after the Hindoo fashion. The *Malumis*, *Takkarus*, and *Khalus*, are respectively the pilots or superior sailors, the ordinary seamen, and the palm-tree climbers, or palm-toddy drawers of the community. There is one other class, the *Malikhans*, or chief men, who superintend the work of the other classes; but the *Malikhan* ladies do not belong to the varāngi organization, nor do they go with the other women to beat coir-husks into fibre, nor spin it into yarn at the varāngi meeting-house. The *Malumi* (pilot) women, too, though they take their turn at the out-door work of beating the husks, are not required to spin it at the meeting-house, nor are they in any way under the varāngi head-women. The common sailor and tree-climber women thus alone belong to the varāngis, and alone use the varāngi meeting-house. But on the other hand, as there are in the whole island but thirty-six houses of the superior sailor caste, and seventeen houses of the *Malikhan*

caste, to three hundred and two houses and two hundred and seven houses of the two lower classes (*Takkarus* and *Khalus*) respectively, it is clear that the bulk of the women in the island do belong to the varāngi organization.

Well, the varāngi women and girls go to the husk-beating ground behind the township in the very early morning. We visit this place afterwards, and find it to be a maze of neatly swept, scrupulously clean, and shady walks among the palm-trees. By the sides of these shady walks, sundry pits have been excavated out of the coral limestone substratum of the island. These pits are full of fresh water; and in this water the outer husks of the cocoanuts are thoroughly steeped before being pounded into coir fibre on slabs of limestone placed for the purpose close to each pit. Considerable heaps of refuse beaten out of the husks lie round each pit. Interspersed too among the coir-soaking pits are numerous tanks of clear water, where the women bathe before returning to their domestic duties. No man may intrude into this portion of the island in the early part of the day when the women are there. Even the head-man of the island is particular in asking the head-women for permission for us to visit the place before the usual hour.

By 8.30 or 9 A.M., the women and girls have usually beaten out sufficient coir fibre for their day's work, and have completed their ablutions; so about that hour they return home with the fibre, take their breakfasts, and then proceed to the varāngi meeting-houses to spin their fibre into yarn.

From 2 to 5 P.M. the *mās* boats return from the fishing-ground; the women then proceed to the shore to secure their household shares of the day's catch. With this they proceed home, and in home duties the rest of the day is spent.

Such is the ordinary life of the women. But on stated occasions, once a month, they have other duties to perform, which will be dealt with more appropriately when we visit the Great South Pandāram, or coconut-palm orchard, in the south of the island.

Each varāngi selects its own head-woman, and she has authority over all females in the varāngi, and over all boys up to the age (about seven years) when the latter are fitted for the duties of the community devolving on the men. The head-woman calls the varāngi together whenever the public services require it; and under her superintendence they plait

cocconut-leaves (*cadjans*) into mats, draw and carry water, etc., etc.

The men, as already said, of the two lower castes are similarly organized into *attiris*. Each *attiri* selects its own head-man, and has its own meeting-house—a thatched wooden erection on the shore of the lagoon. There the men congregate to do the work of the community; the carpenter plies his instruments of carpentry; there they are shaved by the barber; it is there that they collect to debate on public questions, to cut the exquisitely elaborate, fancifully designed tombstones in vogue in the island, to haul up the boats as soon as the fishing season is at an end, and also the island vessels when their voyages have been completed, and they are hauled up to be placed in shelter for repairs during the monsoon months.

The Minicoy houses, owing to the curious relations existing between the sexes, differ much from houses elsewhere. Among the well-to-do families, they are large, rambling collections of stone-and-mortar thatched buildings, enclosed within either a dry-stone wall or a fence made of plaited cocconut-palm leaves. The rooms in the house are few, and are chiefly utilized as store-rooms, but deep shady verandahs are everywhere. The most noticeable feature about them is the number of swinging cots hanging from the rafters of the verandahs, each cot having a set of thick cotton mosquito-curtains, which effectually provides such privacy as the Minicovites desire. Each daughter of the house has her own cot, occupied by herself and her husband when he is at home. The cots are made to swing, and so to keep the air in motion to prevent mosquitoes—surely there are nowhere mosquitoes so numerous or so blood-thirsty as those of Minicoy—from attacking the occupants of the cots while the mosquito-curtains are up. The children of the house have swinging cots of their own. The cots themselves are plain slabs of wood, of various patterns and devices, covered with gay quilts, and hung by a rope at each corner to the beams and rafters of the roof. A low railing runs round the edge of the bed, to keep things from falling off it, and here there is considerable room for a display of taste in the coloring, carving, and lacquering of the rails. A few large wooden bins for keeping grain, sundry very handsome grass mats for the floor or to serve as dinner-cloths, a chair or two of European pattern, a box or two, and perhaps a table, com-

plete, along with flaring native pictures on the walls, almost the whole of the furniture. The wealth of the family is shown in tasteful carvings of verandah pillars and doors and windows, and in various cor-nices and brackets on the walls.

The township stretches along the shore of the lagoon a distance of three-quarters of a mile to a mile, but inland it is not more than one hundred to two hundred yards in width. In this space there is congregated a population of between three and four thousand inhabitants—the females being by far the most numerous. Behind the houses lie the gardens, which are cultivated with much care, and produce vegetables of various sorts—particularly the sweet potato and several kinds of yams, betel-vines, and a little Indian corn. The fruit-trees comprise, besides cocconut palms, limes, citrons, and a large number of the seedless variety of the bread-fruit tree. There is no authentic record of when and how this latter tree was introduced; the old people say it was brought from Point de Galle in Ceylon. It is believed to be indigenous to the South Sea Islands only; and it is well known that about a century ago the *Bounty*, rendered famous by the mutiny of its crew, was sent to those islands to procure a supply for introduction into the West Indies. The tree is propagated by suckers, which spring plentifully from its roots. The coast natives call the fruit the *divi chakka*—that is, the island jack-fruit, from its resemblance to the fruit of the real jack-tree (*Artocarpus integrifolia*). The fruit is usually boiled for the table.

The township is very clean; its streets and by-lanes are swept daily, and all rubbish removed and burnt or cast into the waters of the lagoon. This latter practice leaves something to be desired in the matter of sanitation; for the waves cast up the light floating refuse on to the fore-shore, which is in consequence always more or less in a filthy state.

But the sanitary arrangements of the community do not end here. The quarantine islet of Viringilly we have already noticed. Thither the islanders send all cases of infectious disease—smallpox, cholera, etc.—for treatment. Moreover, they have separate burial-grounds for persons who die of these diseases. And away to the north of the township lies a small collection of miserable thatched huts, in which there dwells, in great discomfort and under many privations, a small colony of lepers.

The islanders have [says the official report from which we have already quoted] from time immemorial adopted the precaution of separating lepers from among them. On the appearance of the disease the sufferer is called before the *khai* (priest), and if the leprosy is pronounced to be contagious, he is expelled to the north end of the island, where a place is set apart for the purpose. A hut is built for him, and he subsists on supplies of food and water, which his relatives bring at intervals and leave on the ground at a safe distance.

The Minicovites, it will be seen from the above, follow the Old Testament ordinance in regard to lepers (Leviticus, chaps. xiii., xiv.); and the interesting question arises how such a custom was imported into the island, for nowhere else that we know of is it followed among races connected with India. Moreover, it is not a Muhammadan institution in any way.

Were the Minicovites at any time Christians? One Christian custom they certainly have, "which," says the official reporter already quoted, "as far as I know, is without parallel amongst any society of Mussulmans — namely, that the men are monogamous. I was assured that it was an established custom that no man could have more than one wife at one time." Can this be the "Female Island" spoken of by Marco Polo in the thirteenth century A.D.? Marco Polo's male and female islanders, if such ever existed anywhere, were undoubtedly "baptized Christians," and maintained "the ordinances of the Old Testament," he tells us. Moreover, they had "no chief except a bishop, who is subject to the archbishop of another island, of which we shall presently speak, called Scotra. They have also a peculiar language."*

However, Marco Polo (A.D. 1292-93) insists that there were two islands, in one of which dwelt the women alone, and in the other the men. The two islands again, he said, lay about thirty miles distant from one another, and some five hundred miles south of the Mekran coast. But let us quote his exact words: † —

* Yule's Marco Polo, 2nd edition, vol. ii., pp. 395, 396.

† The account of a similar island given by the Chinese traveller Hwen Thsang (A.D. 629-645), may be fitly introduced here for comparison: "Au sud-ouest du royaume (Po-la-ssé-Persia), dans une île, se trouve le royaume des femmes d'occident; on n'y voit que des femmes et pas un seul homme. Ce pays abonde en productions rares et précieuses; il est sous la dépendance du royaume de Folin (Byzantine Empire), dont le roi leur envoie chaque année des maris qui s'unissent avec elles; mais lorsqu'elles mettent au monde des garçons, les lois du pays défendent de les élever." (Histoire de la Vie de Hiouen Thsang, etc., by Stanislas Julien, Paris, 1853, p. 208.) It is noteworthy that

In the island, however, which is called Male, dwell the men alone, without their wives or any other women. Every year when the month of March arrives the men all set out for the other island, and tarry there for three months — to wit, March, April, May, — dwelling with their wives for that space. At the end of those three months they return to their own island, and pursue their husbandry and trade for the other nine months.

They find on this island very fine ambergris. They live on flesh and milk and rice. They are capital fishermen, and catch a great quantity of fine large sea-fish, and these they dry, so that all the year they have plenty of food, and also enough to sell to the traders who go thither.

As for the children which their wives bear to them, if they be girls they abide with their mothers; but if they be boys the mothers bring them up till they are fourteen, and then send them to their fathers. Such is the custom of these two islands. The wives do nothing but nurse their children and gather such fruits as their island produces; for their husbands do furnish them with all necessaries.

Let us consider how all these statements of fact fit in to what we know of Minicoy and its people.

First of all, we may notice that Messer Marco's islands were Indian islands (Marco Polo, ii. 393). Minicoy is certainly an Indian island; and the "peculiar language," of which Marco makes mention, may well have been Mahl, the language common to the Maldivé islanders, and to Minicoy. Of the peculiarities of their language we cannot say very much, because there has been as yet no adequate opportunity of studying it; but we may note that, although living in an island, they have no word expressive of the idea conveyed by our word island; they call it "country." Again, their system of notation is duodecimal to a certain extent. Seventeen is with them not 7 and 10, but 12 and 5. One hundred is 96 and 4; but here their duodecimal notation ends, for they have borrowed a word to signify a hundred; and so 101 is, as with us, 100 and 1, and so on, with duodecimal num-

Hwen Thsang connects the story of the founding of this "royaume des femmes d'occident" with that of the settlement of Ceylon from south-Indian sources. (Ibid., pp. 194-198.) The connection with the Byzantine Empire, moreover, accounts very naturally for the facts stated by Marco Polo that in his time the islanders were "baptized Christians," ruled by a bishop subject to the Archbishop of Scotra. No traces of Christianity have as yet been discovered on the island, notwithstanding a diligent search. A copper image, twelve to eighteen inches high, was found some years ago, it is said, and sent to Cannanore. Three or four or five earthen figures were likewise found about the same time in a search for hidden treasure at the site of a church or temple still pointed out, — but none of these could be traced.

bers until the next hundred is reached. And so it goes on; for 1,000 there is a special word. The Koran they call *Tiriss*, which is the Hindustani word (corrupted) for 30; and their reason for calling it so is, that in the big copy of the Koran in their chief mosque the Scripture is written on 30 portions, each consisting of 12 leaves, or 360 leaves in all. But let us pass to other matters.

It does not appear that Messer Marco ever visited the islands themselves, so his ideas in regard to distances must be accepted as only roughly approximate. And his statement that there was a special island for the males can be explained only by the suggestion that the men did in his days, as they do still, proceed to the Maldives proper, and to Ceylon and elsewhere on trading voyages. It is certainly still the fact that a large majority of the men remain away from the island on trading voyages during seven or eight months every year, and return to Minicoy in March and April annually, and May is down to the present day the great marrying month. Let us quote from the island marriage-registrar's books on this point. In the year 1885, 67 marriages in all were registered in the island, of which number 34 took place in May, the next largest figure for any month being 7 in March. In 1886, there were 49 marriages, of which 24 took place in May, and 8 (the next largest figure for any month) in June.

If Marco's account of the time during which the men remained in the female island be correct, the custom must have changed since his day; for the men return from their voyages nowadays about April, and remain in the island with the women during the southwest monsoon months of May, June, July, and August. When the island was officially visited in 1876, there were 1,179 women on the island and only 351 men, whilst 383 men were absent on voyages. The official report adds: "But when all are present in the island, the women exceed the men by twenty-six per cent."

"Ambergris," of which Marco Polo makes mention, continues down to the present day to be a royalty. As regards their food, it may be noted, in passing, that the islanders live principally on the dried flesh of the bonito, which they call *más*. They have no special word for flesh, which they also call *más*. There is at the present time a considerable export of dried fish (*más*), so that Marco's account, if it applies to Minicoy at all, is even yet literally true of this branch of

their industry, which is still — as will be gathered from what has already been said above — in a flourishing condition.

As to the age when the boys pass from under the jurisdiction of the head-women to that of the head-men of the attiris, that has already been stated to be seven years, and not fourteen, as it seems to have been in the time of Messer Marco.

Lastly, as to Marco's statement that "the wives do nothing but nurse their children and gather such fruits as their island produces, for their husbands do furnish them with all necessities," we have already quoted an official report detailing what things are brought home annually to the women from the trading voyages to Bengal and other places; and we will now proceed, if you please, to follow the crowd of women in one of their periodical visits to the great orchard known as the Great South Pandáram, "to gather such fruits as their island produces," to use Messer Marco's own words.

The great orchard stretches away to the south of the township, a distance of about three miles, and extends to the whole breadth of the island, from the shore of the lagoon to the seashore on the opposite side. It is nowhere more than five or six hundred yards wide, and towards the lighthouse end it tapers considerably. It is densely crowded throughout with trees, among which the cocoanut palm predominates.

But the ladies are just gathering at their *varáŋgi* meeting-houses with their baskets, and are not yet ready to start. Let us go on with the Khalu men, who have turned out in great force to climb the trees, and who are mostly provided with short sticks attached by cord to their right wrists.

Just as we enter the great orchard through the gateway already mentioned, where is posted the splayed-out cocoanut-leaf — the sign that it is forbidden ground — a dozen fine athletic fellows begin swarming up the smooth stems of a dozen palm-trees. Are they going to pluck the nuts? No; we will attend to that presently. Their present objective is — rats!

Nowhere, we fancy, on the whole globe is *Mus rattus* (or is it *M. decumanus*?) so abundantly supplied with food and drink, or so comfortably quartered, as he is among the branching crown of leaves of a productive Minicoy cocoanut-palm tree. The coarse, fibrous sheath which protects each tender frond as it shoots into the upper air from the head of the palm-tree bursts asunder as the frond swells out. Shreds of it may be seen still

hanging from the parent frond, other shreds fall down and lodge at the roots of the mature fronds beneath. When the palms are systematically handled, as they are on the coast, this fibrous matter is all cleared away regularly by the tree-climber; but in Minicoy, in the great southern orchard, the trees are allowed to grow as nature listeth, the head of spreading fronds is never cleared of this refuse fibre, and comfortable, not to say luxuriously warm and snug, quarters are thus provided in the top of each palm-tree for the innumerable colonies of rats which swarm up the trunks to feast on the abundant supplies of food and drink which the nuts afford. Look around and you will see nuts in all stages of their existence strewn about upon the ground. Here is a green, tender nut, which had not reached the age when the milk contained in it had even begun to deposit itself in the shape of kernel, lying apparently uninjured on the ground; turn it over with your foot, and there at the swell of the lower end is a neatly excised hole in the fibrous husk, showing where a thirsty rat had worked his way through to the sweet waters within. There is a fully matured nut lying on the ground, with a similar gaping wound fully exposed to view; take it up, and you will find that Master Rat has gnawed away every particle of the sweet kernel, slaking his thirst no doubt the meanwhile on the milk which he also found there. It is barely a month since the last gathering of nuts was made, and yet the ground is thickly strewn with the remains of the rats' feast.

Nature has, in this most isolated spot, failed to provide any natural enemies to the rat tribe. Owls, except such as have been imported on government account, do not exist. The mongoose and the rat-snake are not indigenous to the island, and even cats are scarce, and when imported are not easily kept alive, owing to the great plague of mosquitoes.

But the fun is becoming fast and furious around us,—the tree-climbers, with their short sticks, have reached to the crowns of a dozen trees, and poking among the refuse fibre collected there, have disturbed a number of rats, some of which—the young and inexperienced of the flock—have incontinently taken headers from the tree-tops in the hope of eluding their enemies aloft. Worse awaits them below, however, for they are caught like cricket-balls by eager upstretched hands before they can touch the ground, and are instantly hurled violently to earth, and then

thrown to the boys, who have come provided with collecting baskets for carrying them. Others run down the trunk, hopping thus to evade the enemy aloft; a shout proclaims that this manœuvre has been observed, and as Master Rat, suddenly taking in the situation, makes a dive for safety from high up the trunk into the low brushwood below, half-a-dozen hands pounce down upon him among the bushes and weeds, and secure him, and next instant he is dashed a lifeless corpse against the trunk of the tree he has just left. Still others, the knowing ones which have been at this business before, scurry along the mid-ribs of the branching fronds, passing with agility and much ludicrous screwing of their tails from one frond to another, till they meet with fate from the short stick of the tree-climber on the neighboring tree, in which they have endeavored to take refuge. It is reserved to the experienced patriarch of the colony to make for safety to a tree which does not yet hold a climber; but his movements have been watched from below, and as he reaches his fancied secure retreat, the avenger is already several feet up the trunk after him. Beaten out of this tree, he seeks shelter in another and yet another if that be possible, and not unfrequently he drops or dives unscathed from the trunk or branching fronds into a bush of prickly screw-pine (*Pandanus odoratissimus*), whither the yelling crowd below cannot follow to overtake him.

The boys with the baskets have been busy meanwhile collecting the slain; several scores of victims have already fallen; nearly every adult of the crowd has taken his turn at climbing the trees. This has been only an overture to the serious business of the day; here come the ladies in detachments, under their commanding officers of the *varangis*, so let us break off and see how the fruit is collected.

On inquiry we find that the great southern orchard is divided administratively into twenty-seven compartments. The boundary-mark between one division and another is not easy to discover to the unpractised eye; but, as a rule, a narrow pathway leading inwards from the shore of the lagoon serves to show where one compartment ends and the next begins; a more or less imaginary straight line right across the island to the seashore completes the boundary.

In the first five compartments which lie nearest to the township, and which, in consequence of their accessibility, receive more attention than the others from the

island head-men, the nuts are gathered by plucking. The Khalus, or tree-climbers, swarm up the trunks and throw down all the mature nuts, which, with those already on the ground, are gathered by the women and conveyed to the store at the government office already described. The men receive twenty per cent. of all the nuts they pluck as remuneration, and the women for gathering them get four nuts each, and four per cent. more of all they gather.

In the three next compartments the fallen nuts only are collected, and this duty is assigned to the boys of three *Kôvilams* (properly *Kôvilagams*, a Malay-âli word, signifying originally king's houses). The boys are remunerated with seven nuts apiece, and four per cent. more of all they collect. Why this departure has been made from the original island custom of allowing the women only to collect the nuts we cannot on inquiry ascertain; but it was instituted long ago, and was probably meant to secure some extra remuneration for the boys belonging to the houses which manned Mammâli's (the island chieftain's) fleets.

Mammâli, you must know, was a great corsair in days gone by. His descendants still live at Cannanore on the mainland, and are still chieftains of this island and of some of the Laccadive Islands, also belonging to Malabar, and lying to the north of Minicoy across the 9° channel, formerly known as Mammâli's canal or channel. On the mainland the family holds only a few square miles of territory; but in former times not only the Laccadives and Minicoy, but the Maldivé Islands, were subject to their sway. The Minicovite tradition is that their island was so subjected to harries and oppressions by sea-robbers of all sorts, that they eventually placed themselves under Mammâli's (properly Muhammad Ali's) protection. If the islanders were "baptized Christians" in Marco Polo's time, their conversion to Islam must have taken place some time subsequently, say, about the date of the traditionary "great Mammâli's" reign—A.D. 1364-65—when a great extension of the family influence took place. The political history of the island, however, rests in great obscurity.

The remaining nineteen compartments of the great southern orchard are allotted among the women of the various varângis, according to population. No attempt is made to pluck the nuts or cultivate the trees, which are largely smothered by dense growths of impenetrable screw-pine and other jungle. The rats reign supreme,

and what nuts they spare are collected from the ground by the women, each of whom receives as remuneration eight nuts on each occasion, and four per cent. more of all she collects.

The nuts thus collected are piled into rough stores at various points along the lagoon shore of the island, and, after being stripped of their outer husks, are exported to the mainland, and sold on behalf of the government revenue.

Let us walk down the central pathway of the island to the lighthouse, and pay a visit to the two solitary Europeans whom we shall find there installed as custodians of the light. It will be a pleasant walk, for the sun, though now at midday in the zenith, will be screened by the dense foliage of the palm-trees meeting overhead, and a fresh northerly sea-breeze coming in from the lagoon will likewise tend to keep things cool and comfortable for us. Moreover, for thirsty souls a well of sweet water will be found at each of the nut-gathering stores.

These wells are square in form, about four feet each of the sides and surrounded by a low parapet of rough limestone. To each well there belongs a long stick, with a cocoanut-shell cup at the end, with which to draw the water. The water is, we find, at most five or six feet below the surface of the ground; and we begin accordingly to have doubts regarding the existence of certain caves about which we heard when talking of the piratical harries to which the island was subjected long ago.

The islanders, they said, used to take refuge from the buccaneers in the caves, which are still to be seen in this uninhabited portion of the island; so let us see the caves *en route*. To do this we diverge from the central pathway, and dive, with much stooping, into thickets of dense screw-pine. After considerable search, for the places are now deserted, and allowed to go to ruin, a shout at last proclaims that the caves have been found. Hurrying to the spot, we find that the caves are indeed myths, as we had judged from the proximity of the water to the surface-soil. But here is a neat hole in the ground, disclosed by removing a rough slab of limestone, which served to conceal it. Peering down we discover that, instead of a cave, we are looking down into a shallow narrow burrow, the sides of which are built up, and the roof constructed of rough limestone slabs taken from the great piles of this material which have been heaped up by the force of the waves on the seashore side of the island.

Did the islanders thus burrow underground like rabbits? It must have been so, for a little further on we find a place where the roof has fallen in, and disclosed the run of the burrow. One of our guides descends into it to test the size, and we find that there is just room enough for him to sit squatting inside. The place is overgrown with trees and brushwood, and we cannot arrive at any definite conclusion as to the extent to which these burrows prevailed in former times; but we are told that the remains of them are by no means uncommon in the island, and that some of these remains are of considerable size, as if some of the burrows had had many ramifications, and had had, like those of rabbits, many bolt-holes. Surely never was there elsewhere such a device to enable human beings to escape enemies of their own race! The hardest of buccaneers would hardly have cared to crawl on hands and knees into these dark places of refuge in quest of their victims; and even if they did so, unless all the bolt-holes were watched, their labor might be in vain. We can see at a glance that to have laid bare the burrow, and thus found its occupants, would have been a work of time and difficulty—a work which any one who ever attempted to lay bare a rabbit-burrow among the roots of a quick-set-hedge would well appreciate. Buccaneers were not gentlemen accustomed to labor hard under a tropical sun; and we may conclude, on the whole, that the device must have afforded an effective escape for the people under the circumstances of a temporary occupation of the island by pirates.

Marvelling much at the sight, and speculating largely as to when these burrows were last used, and contrasting the then and the now to the poor inhabitants of the island, we return to our pathway, and proceed onwards towards the lighthouse. Is it possible that the men alone used these burrows to conceal themselves while the women remained at the township to receive and entertain the interlopers? It is easy to understand, if such was the practice formerly, how mariners casually visiting the island would be astounded to find none but women to receive them, and everything arranged and managed by the women. So much is certain, that this island was notoriously the prey of sea-robbers in former days, and it would have fared badly with the men who were not absent on trading voyages if they had shown themselves or offered resistance. In the "*Lusiad*" of Camoëns there is a

vivid description of a company of Portuguese mariners running riot in an island like this.

On the whole, we conclude that there is a good deal to be said in favor of the view that Minicoy is Marco Polo's "Island of the Women;" and the facts set forth above tend not a little to give to his and other similar regions a local habitation and a name.

Pursuing our way southwards, we come suddenly on a clearing in the forest where the sun's rays beat fiercely down on the scorched earth, and as we step into it we find that we have reached the lighthouse site, a narrow belt stretching from the lagoon to the sea having been cleared of all the forest growth. At the one end, on the slightly raised seashore, stands the lighthouse, a fine modern structure, furnished with all the latest improvements, towering high above the palm-trees in the vicinity. At the other end of this belt, built out into the water on wooden piles driven into the sandy bottom of the lagoon, stands the rough wooden shanty which was used as a dwelling by the builders of the lighthouse. Passing over the rough plank bridge which connects the shore with the structure on piles, we find that the place is now used by the light-keepers as a working-shed and boat-house. Myriads of the brilliantly colored fish-fry have taken shelter from their enemies among the piles on which the structure is raised; and as we enter the verandah fronting the lagoon, large shoals of them flash for an instant into the sunlight, disturbed by our intrusion.

Our presence has not yet been discovered at the lighthouse; but as we turn to come ashore, and the creaking planks give forth a sound underfoot, we hear a yap-yap in the lighthouse direction, and find that our presence is at last detected by the one solitary dog that the island can muster—an affectionate little beast of a nondescript breed, yearning for society, as we afterwards find him to be. Attracted by the barking, as we approach the lighthouse a window high above us opens, and the cheery bronzed English face of one of the keepers appears.

"May we see the light?" we shout upwards.

"Oh yes; wait a minute."

The door at the foot of the tower is locked; but we hear footsteps rapidly descending the winding staircase inside, and in a few seconds the bolt inside is shot, the door thrown open, and next instant we are receiving a hearty welcome

from the two light-keepers, who, aided by a native assistant from Ceylon, have the sole charge of the light.

Breathless and half-giddy we toil up the rounds of the staircase, passing store-houses neatly fitted up with huge oil-cans, spare machinery, and goods and chattels belonging to the keepers. On a landing immediately below the light itself, the keepers have fitted up their cots, so as to be within instant call in case of accident. Passing upwards through a narrow trap-door in the floor of the light-room, we find ourselves among gun-metal machinery and big dioptric lenses, built up of huge glass prisms, which slowly revolve at night round the intensely brilliant light cast by the cylindrical burners in the centre of the chamber. But where is the motive power? we ask. And in reply we are shown an endless chain with heavy weights attached, which slowly descend through a hollow cast-iron shaft reaching from the light-chamber down to the lowest story of the tower. The weights descending actuate the machinery, and as they approach the bottom an alarm-bell is rung to warn the keepers that it is time to re-commence the winding-up process. But what if the chain should break, or other accident happen to the machinery? Then, until this breakage is repaired, the lenses must be kept revolving by means of this crank, which, as we see, can be done by manual labor independently of the driving machinery.

Having satisfied our curiosity in regard to the internal arrangements, we next pass out through a low narrow door into the cool breezy balcony running round the structure, immediately beneath the diamond-shaped panes of plate-glass which enclose the light-chamber. And there spread out before us, as on a map, lie the tiny island and its lagoon and enclosing coral reef. Down below us there, hidden by the forest, lie the curious burrows we have just been visiting, and the contrast between the state of the island then and what it is now, once more comes home forcibly to our minds. There rides our trim little steamer at anchor, almost on the reef itself, it seems; there goes a great three-masted liner, ploughing its way steadily homewards, with its rich freight of silk or tea from China, studiously unobservant it seems of the gay Union-jack, that emblem of world-wide peace, which our worthy light-keepers have run up to remind them of the care that the great Trinity House Brethren take of the lives and property of those engaged in the

Eastern trade. Perhaps she was too far off to think of sending us a kindly greeting; but here comes a Messageries Maritime boat, making straight for the southernmost point of the island; we shall be able to look down upon her decks as she passes almost within stone's throw, as it seems, of the point of land. We can see the tricolor run up as she approaches — she at least means to take some notice of us; and as she comes abreast, we can see the flag hauled down and then smartly run up again, in answer to the responding dip from our ensign.

It is such interchange of courtesies as these that again take our thoughts far away back to the time when the islanders watched in dread for any stranger sail bearing down upon their helpless little island. Who can picture without a shudder the breathless provisioning of these wretched human burrows among the screw-pine thickets, and the crowd of trembling women thronging to the beach with their poor little gifts of fruits and eggs to welcome the intruders, and learn their fate? Will the rough sailors, mindful of mothers and sisters left in far-distant lands, be merciful to these kindly women in their solitary island abode? Or must recourse be had to the darksome stifling burrows, the last island refuge of the distressed? We can imagine the crowd of women melting imperceptibly away before scowling looks and harsh treatment, the organization of parties to search whither they have disappeared, and the blank amazement on finding no trace of them anywhere above ground. But let us turn to the happier picture of a kindly reception from the bearded seafaring men, and the gradually increasing crowd of girls and boys drawn from the screw-pine thickets as the benevolent character of the intruders becomes known, and let us imagine the astonishment of the sailors on finding the island tenanted chiefly by women and girls and boys. What wonder that in seafaring yarns the account of a visit to the *Island of Women* should ever after be one among the choicest stories for recital to gaping crowds in far-away sailor homes!

W. L.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

SOME QUAKER BIOGRAPHIES.

AMONG the many good works of the Society of Friends, should be included the publication of certain unpretending

books and pamphlets, which contain the testimonies borne by local branches of the society to the services of their deceased members. Of William Penn or Elizabeth Fry, one may learn something even from the profane historian. But without these dingy little volumes I might have known nothing of friend William Reckitt, or of Christopher Story, or of others whose names are entered in my private selection from the *Acta Sanctorum*. These Quaker saints are not unworthy of remembrance. In their day they were faithful and gentle, shrewd and obstinate, full of scruples and good deeds. Let us speak of them once more, before the river of time bears them away.

I turn first to the yellow pages which form the monument of Richard Claridge—the Angelic Doctor of the early society. He was of Balliol College (for which I also am bound to pray) where he took his degree in the term called Trinity term, 1670, and was presented not long after to the rectory of Peopleton in the diocese of Worcester. Like the eminent Mr. Baxter, whom he sincerely admired, this less noted Richard was determined to “prove all things” by the letter of the Bible. His studies brought him small comfort; he was indeed “in great perplexity and horror,” finding no written word to justify the forms of his own Church. At last he resolved to play the man; he preached a farewell sermon, in which the errors of the Anglican way were set forth under seven heads, and gave up his living. “Night coming on,” he says, “I was constrained to be much shorter than I intended;” one wonders what the hearers said of that discourse, as they went home through the dewy darkness of the fields. As for the minister, he gave up his parochial charge and tithe-revenue very willingly; but he made some scruple at signing the paper of resignation, on account of the titles therein given to the bishop. The notary refused to go out of the usual form, and Claridge subscribed it with a protest.

On leaving the church, Richard became a Baptist and submitted to be immersed. But while he was yet in his wet clothes, a certain seeker came in and said, “You are welcome, sir, out of one form into another.” The words dwelt in his mind, and before long doubts of his own began to arise. These bargains between ministers and people, this practice of note-preaching—were these warranted by Scripture, any more than the surplice, or the cross in baptism? Alas! the very

foundations of the Baptist Church were out of course. Only among the people in scorn called Quakers was primitive purity to be found. Among them Richard found peace of conscience; and after nineteen months’ silence (a severe probation for a man of his habit) he began again to preach. The reasons for his second change of denomination are set forth in a dialogue with one William Hankins, which turns chiefly on the Quaker doctrine of perfection. R. C. quotes, among others, the case of Noah, who is recorded to have been a just man and perfect in his generation. W. H. objected to the instance of Noah, and asked, where was his perfection when he was drunk? R. C. replies, that though the patriarch sinned, it doth not follow, by any necessary consequence, that he was never free from sin during his whole life.

During the thirty years of his life that remained to him, Richard continued to preach and keep school at Barking at Tottenham, and elsewhere. His school was prosperous,—so prosperous that the penal statute then in force must clearly have been administered with a very rational measure of laxity. It was of course impossible for a very strict Quaker to avoid occasional collisions with the law. Friend Claridge was summoned to Hick’s Hall for refusing to provide a substitute to serve in the train-band. His goods were taken, more than once, for tithes and “steeple-house rates.” Finally, in 1708, he was sued for keeping school. The action was brought at the instigation of a rival schoolmaster,—a fact which could hardly escape the notice of Holt, chief justice, and a Middlesex jury. The jury found that the defendant had kept school for *one day*; and Richard was no further molested by his enemies.

Christopher Story belongs, like Friend Claridge, to the early period of Quaker history. He was a Cumberland man, born in 1648 at an inn which his father kept at Kirklington on the Scottish border, and well brought up by his mother, who was a clergyman’s daughter. At an early age he became dissatisfied with the ministers of the Church. “Industrious men in the creation” some of them were; “but how to come out of sin, which was the thing I wanted to know, here they left me at a loss.” He was more impressed by discourses which he heard at Friends’ meetings, and especially by a sermon of Robert Barclay’s, in which it was shown that if a man could begin at Genesis and repeat all the Scriptures to the end of Revelation,

and was not led and guided by a measure of that Spirit by which the Scriptures were given forth, it would avail him nothing. Though "much for arguing," Christopher was a modest youth; and he went through many a sore battle with fear before he was able to "give up" and profess himself a Quaker. At last he found courage to join in setting up a meeting in his own parish, "in the borders of England," as he says, "where wickedness of the grossest sort had swelled to that height, that theft, robbery, and bloodshed, with many other crying sins, were very frequent."

Though himself an industrious man in the creation, Christopher found time to "visit in love" the scattered families of his own people. They were at that time much in want of encouragement. At Dale, for instance, he would have fain passed by, lest Friends should be fined on his account; "but they answered there was nothing in that; for they were fined already, more than they had goods to pay with." In Scotland he encountered much rudeness and violence; at one place the mob threw him and his companion down a steep place; "but the ground being dry, the friends came up again." They were also grieved by the conduct of a certain Walter Scott, who carried the Quaker argument just one step too far. "Meetings," said this misguided man, "were but a form, and every man might worship God as well in his own house as in a meeting."

In spite of persecution and contradiction, it is plain that the Quakers in the north were not made to suffer all the rigor of the law. When Judge Jeffries came to the northern circuit, the constable somehow failed to find the Friends who should have been taken before him at Carlisle. A well-known informer was suddenly arrested for debt, to the general satisfaction of the county. When one Dacre, a justice (so-called), granted warrants against Friends, responsible men persuaded him to forbear a while, it being the beginning of winter, and to keep the informers quiet until the spring. When cattle were seized for church rates, "exclusive dealing" was practised by sympathetic neighbors; and "men were set at a little distance" to warn intending purchasers. Some of the clergy even went without their tithes. These acts of considerate kindness were not undeserved. After the first effervescence of the new doctrine was over, the Quakers became an eminently sober and virtuous community. Their standard of natural piety and social

duty was high. Story and his friends would take no share in the smuggling industry which flourished then in the Border counties; and they refused to make a profit on gay clothing, such as they thought a Christian might not wear. They spoke the truth; they were good to the poor; they forgave their enemies and persecutors.

It was their forgiving spirit that first touched the heart of Brother Benjamin Bangs. He was a working shoemaker from Norfolk, and had come to London just after the Great Fire; "the City then lying as an heap of rubbish, and all hands at work." Benjamin was not afraid of work; he "followed his business very closely," and was eager to learn from those of his craft who had the name of being skilled hands. Working one day at Stepney, he was summoned to assist a party of militia, sent by the lieutenant of the Tower to break up a Quaker meeting. The gentle demeanor of the sufferers moved him to compunction; he explained to some of them that he was there under constraint. "We believe thee, and we freely forgive thee," they said. Their pious talk and his mother's letters (for she was "ready with her pen," — a rare accomplishment among women of her rank in the reign of Charles II.), brought him into a serious way of thought. Bending steadily over his labor, he came, through much meditation, to see the truth as his friends of the Ratcliff meeting saw it. And so, having a word given him to speak, he was received as a preacher, working still with his hands that he might not be chargeable to any.

Of Benjamin's travels in the ministry there is not much to record. He went hither as the inward voice directed, holding his own with mild persistence against the powers that then were. In the city of Norwich he helped to build a meeting-house, in spite of "the recorder and old Whitefoot the parson." Friends needed not many words to stir them up to subscribe. "Most of them being journey-men weavers, combers, shoemakers, etc., were desired not to put down more than they would take care honestly to pay; so they began to consider how much they could earn in a week, and how much of that they could lay by towards the forwarding of so good a work. The young men made application to the young women-servants, etc., desiring them to exert themselves upon this occasion, which they readily did, and raised several pounds among themselves. But the aforesaid

recorder breathed out farther threatenings."

Extending the range of his ministry, Benjamin crossed over to Ireland, where the saints were sore pressed by enemies of various kinds: "native Irish" pilfering their goods; Ulster Presbyterians "crying out in a Scotch tone" at their meetings; magistrates smiting or causing them to be smitten with but little regard for the law. Through all these perils Benjamin Bangs went scatheless. He had a call to preach the gospel; and if he could but tell his errand, Papist and Presbyterian might rage as they would.

The travels of Friend William Reckitt took a wider range. He was bred in the Gainsborough district, and his youth was spent in hard toil at the loom and in the field, his only comfort being found in the society of godly friends. Having won his way slowly to a better position, he might have settled down to rest; but in 1756, at the age of fifty, he came under a concern to visit the Lord's people in America. England was then at war with France; and the ship in which he sailed was captured off Plymouth, "the enemy coming on board like so many hungry animals." In company with the crew of an English man-of-war, William was carried prisoner into a French port. The Frenchmen kept a careless guard; and the English sailors began to talk cheerfully of mastering the ship in which they were, and carrying it out of harbor under the guns of the neighboring fort. Now this was precisely the juncture at which an elderly Quaker may be a very bad adviser. To tell the truth, friend William was much disturbed at the prospect of a fight; he set himself to talk his companions out of their foolhardy design, and he succeeded. It was ill done of him, I must admit; his fears and scruples may have defrauded our naval historians of a noble episode.

After being detained some weary months in France, Reckitt was released, and made out the long voyage across the Atlantic. Our American colonies were then little more than dots and strips of cultivation on the edge of the great continent. Passing from one Friends' meeting to another, between Virginia and Rhode Island, William was often in straits and even in dangers — Indians and runaway negroes hovering in the forests near the settlements of the white men. But the Indians were less terrible to Friends than to other colonists. William even held a meeting among them, and was pleased with the gravity of their behavior.

The negroes also showed him no little kindness; were they not his brethren, sons of one Father? The time for the agitation against slavery had not yet arrived; but here and there the Quakers were entering a quiet protest against the system. So it was also in the island of Nevis, where Reckitt found that Friends were already pondering the question, whether it was lawful for them, as Christian men, to hold slaves or no. "The Lord is rising by his pure witness in the hearts of these negro-keepers, showing them the practice is evil." Here was surely a sign for the encouragement of a man who felt himself called to preach the liberating word; and encouragement was welcome, for some among the people of Nevis were of a contrary temper. The chief judge indeed was wicked enough to say that he cared nothing for sermons, and would willingly never hear another: "a vulgar and unsavory expression to come out of the mouth of one in his station."

While William Reckitt was wandering in those distant regions of the West, Friend Tuke of the York meeting and his wife were rejoicing in the early graces of a daughter who was destined to win a name among the favored ones of the kingdom. Sarah Tuke was a maiden of a devout and strenuous mind; at fifteen she began to write long letters in that evangelical dialect which is familiar to every reader of English religious biography. At sixteen, she is weary of "the tempestuous billows of this unstable world;" she finds herself guilty of "insensibility to what is good." She suffers much from depression: "the springs of thy S.T.'s machinery are indeed weak." At twenty-one, she declares that the conduct of the generality of young men is painful to her; she sees so many of them inconsiderately and rapidly pursuing an *ignis fatuus*, which will lead them into a labyrinth of perplexities. There is, I fear, little to admire in these poor compositions; only now and then she drops her conventional phrases, and the reader seems to look into the eyes of an honest, affectionate girl, burdened with a duty too great to be laid on one so young. For Sarah's mother was a preacher; and the time was approaching when she herself might be called to the same ministry.

After being "experienced and tried with many deep baptisms with wants and aboundings," Sarah began to preach in 1780. Two years after, she married Friend Richard Grubb, of Clonmel in Ireland. For a long time she was settled at Clon-

mel, where she kept school in an old house, built on an island in the Suir. But the years that remained of her short life were spent for the most part in travelling. She "came under a concern" to visit this or that district, and straightway set forth on her journey. Perhaps you think she would have done better to stay at home and look after her husband and pupils. It may be so; I am not under a concern to justify what Sarah Grubb said or did. But this praise she deserves, that she did what she believed to be her duty, without considering her own comfort. She suffered dreadfully in crossing St. George's Channel, but she checked the impulse to complain by thinking of the poor negroes in the slave-ships, whose sufferings were worse than her own. She would ride long miles in the rain, and sit long hours in a cold meeting-house, if only it might be given her to say a word of comfort to "a few desolate professors."

Twice in her career Sarah Grubb was moved in love and compassion to visit the continent of Europe. She travelled with a little company of Friends; the men of the party gave much offence by keeping on their hats in the inns where they stayed. They were not well acquainted with any foreign tongue, but they hoped to find opportunities of conveying in silence that which is better than words. They formed a somewhat unfavorable judgment of the countries through which they passed. Crosses and images were too common everywhere. At Amsterdam "the appearance of Friends convinced us that religion is at a low ebb among them." At Düsseldorf, they found one solid religious man, "who walks much alone, in a dark and dissipated place." At Congénies, in France, there was a society of good people, whose meetings were almost as the meetings of friends at home; almost, but not quite. "We found that to be useful to them the visitors must be weak with the visited. Our little band was not without a guard with respect to proposing anything to them which they have not at present a capacity rightly to adopt." I am bound to confess that Sarah sometimes exhibits a mild kind of spiritual pride.

Their ignorance of foreign languages exposed the poor Friends to many deceptions. In travelling to Münster, for instance, they arranged, as they thought, to have a post-wagon for themselves. "But after they got our money, a Capuchin friar and a very ill-looking man were put in with us, and we kept in this situation,

with two meals wanting, through a dark rainy night (the wet coming in upon us) till three o'clock the next morning. . . . Our minds, during this extraordinary trial of body and spirits, were remarkably sustained with cheerful tranquillity."

Sarah Grubb died in 1790, at the age of thirty-four. Shortly before her death, she indited a pious letter to Leopold II. on his accession to the imperial crown. But if the received account of that monarch's life and death be correct, her exhortations cannot be said to have produced much effect.

I might continue my fragmentary record into the present century, but in doing so I should have to touch on memories which are dear to good people still living. Let it suffice for the present to have added this little bundle of sketches to the annals of the people once in scorn called Quakers.

THOMAS RALEIGH.

From *The Nineteenth Century*.

TENNYSON AS PROPHET.

And we, the poor earth's dying race, and yet
No phantoms, watching from a phantom shore,
Await the last and largest sense to make
The phantom walls of this illusion fade,
And show us that the world is wholly fair.

The Ancient Sage.

THE aspect, the countenance, of Lord Tennyson—best rendered in Sir J. Millais's portrait, but faithfully given also in many a photograph—must often have struck his admirers with a sense of surprise. It does not fit the popular conception of him—a conception founded mainly on his earlier work, and which presents him a refined, an idyllic poet, the chanter of love and friendship, the adorer of half-barbarous legends with a garb of tender grace. The faces of other poets—of the ethereal Shelley, the sensuous Keats, the passionate Byron, the benignant Wordsworth—correspond well enough to our notion of what they ought to be. But Tennyson's face expresses not delicacy but power; it is grave even to sternness; it is formidable in the sense which it gives of strength and wisdom won through pain.

For indeed, both in aspect and in mood of mind there has arisen between the poet of the "Dream of Fair Women" and the poet of "Vastness" a change like the change between the poet of "Comus" and the poet of "Samson Agonistes." In each case the potent nature, which in youth felt keener than any contemporary

the world's beauty and charm, has come with age to feel with like keenness its awful majesty, the clash of unknown energies, and "the doubtful doom of mankind." And the persistence of Lord Tennyson's poetic gift in all its glory — a persistence scarcely rivalled since Sophocles — has afforded a channel for the emergence of forces which must always have lain deep in his nature, but which were hidden from us by the very luxuriance of the fancy and the emotion of youth.

I would speak, then, of Tennyson as a *prophet*, meaning by that term much more than a self-inspired mystic, an eloquent visionary. I know not how else to describe a service which humanity will always need. Besides the *savant*, occupied in discovering objective truth — besides the artist occupied in representing and idealizing that truth — we need some voice to speak to us of those greatest, those undiscoverable things which can never be wholly known but must still less be wholly ignored or forgotten. For such a service we need something more than orator or priest; we need a sage, but a sage whose wisdom is kindled with emotion, and whose message comes to us with the authority of a great personality, winged at once and weighted by words of power.

Yet Tennyson's prophetic message has been so delicately interwoven with his metrical and literary charm, and has found, moreover, its most potent expression in poems so recent in date, that it has not often, I think, been adequately recognized, or traced with due care from its early to its later form. There need, therefore, I trust, be no presumption in an attempt — for which the writer, of course, is alone responsible — to arrange in clearer connection those weighty utterances which the exigencies of art have scattered irregularly over many pages, but which those who seek the guidance of great minds must often desire to reunite.

We have not here, indeed, a developed system whose dogmas can be arranged in logical order. Rather may the reader be disposed to say that there is no sure message; that the net result consists in hopes and possibilities which the poet himself regards as transcending proof. Alas! like the haul of living things from the deep sea, the group of dogmas which any mind brings up from the gulf of things is apt to dwindle as the plummet sinks deeper down; and we have rather to ask, "Is there at the bottom life at all?" than to expect to find our highly organized creeds

still flourishing when we have plunged far into the dark abyss.

This may sound but a cheerless saying, and the Christian reader may perhaps complain of a lack of explicit adhesion to Christian doctrine in our representative poet. But I would beg him to consider that the cause of any creed, however definite, can hardly at present be better subserved than by indirect and preliminary defences. I would remind him that the Gospel story is not now supported, in Paley's fashion, by insistence on its miracles alone, but rather and mainly by subjective arguments, by appeals to its intrinsic beauty and probability, its adaptation to the instincts and needs of men. Christianity assumes an unseen world, and then urges that the life of Christ is the fittest way in which such a world could come into contact with the world we know. The essential spirituality of the universe, in short, is the basis of religion, and it is precisely this basis which is now assailed. In former times the leading opponents of Christianity were mainly "deists," and admitted in some form or other a spiritual substratum for visible things. Rousseau's irreducible minimum of religion included a God and a future life. But now the position is changed. The most effective assailants of Christianity no longer take the trouble to attack, as Voltaire did, the Bible miracles in detail. They strike at the root, and begin by denying — outright or virtually — that a spiritual world, a world beyond the conceivable reach of mathematical formulae, exists for us at all. They say with Clifford that "no intelligences except those of men and animals have been at work in the solar system;" or, implying that the physical cosmos is all, and massing together all possible spiritual entities under the name which most suggests superstition, they affirm that the world "is made of ether and atoms, and there is no room for ghosts."

Now it is evident that unless this needful preamble of any and every religion can be proved — say rather unless the existence of an unseen profounder world can be so presented as to commend itself to our best minds as the more likely hypothesis — it will be useless to insist nowadays on the adaptation of any given religion to the needs of the soul. The better adapted it is to man, the stronger the presumption that it is a system created by man — "the guess of a worm in the dust, and the shadow of its desire." It does not, of course, follow that even were

the existence of a spiritual world demonstrated, any specific revelation of that world would be manifestly true. But at any rate *unless* such a world be in some sense believed in by the leading minds of the race, no specific revelation whatever can permanently hold its ground. If, therefore, certain readers feel that Tennyson's championship is confined mainly to what they may regard as mere elements of natural religion, they need not on that account value him the less as a leader of the spiritual side of human thought. The work which he does may not be that which they most desire. But at least it is work indispensably necessary, if what they most desire is ever to be done. And they may reflect also that the laureate's great predecessor did more for a spiritual view of the universe by his "Tintern Abbey" or his Platonic ode than by his "Ecclesiastical Sonnets" or his pious hymn to St. Bees.

And first let us briefly consider the successive steps which mark Tennyson's gradual movement to his present position. They show, I think, an inward development coinciding with, or sometimes anticipating, the spiritual movement of the age. We may start with the "Supposed Confessions of a Second-Rate Sensitive Mind"—a juvenile work, from whose title, for present purposes, we may perhaps omit the adjectives "supposed" and "second-rate." In this, the most agitated of all his poems, we find the soul urging onward

Thro' utter dark a full-sail'd skiff,
Unpiloted i' the echoing dance
Of reboant whirlwinds;

and to the question "Why not believe, then?" we have as answer a simile of the sea which cannot slumber like a mountain tarn, or

Draw down into his vexed pools
All that blue heaven which hues and paves

the tranquil inland mere. Thus far there is little that is distinctive, little beyond the common experience of widening minds. But in "The Two Voices" we have much that will continue characteristic of Tennyson, and a range of speculation not limited by Christian tradition. Here we first encounter what may be termed his most definite conjecture, to which he returns in "De Profundis," and in the "Epilogue" which forms almost his latest work—namely, the old Platonic hypothesis of the multiform pre-existence of the soul. His analogy from "trances" has

received, I need not say, much reinforcement from the experimental psychology of recent years.

It may be that no life is found,
Which only to one engine bound
Falls off, but cycles always round.

As old mythologies relate,
Some draught of Lethe may await
The slipping through from state to state.

As here we find in trances, men
Forget the dream that happen'd then,
Until they fall in trance again.

There can be no doubt that any hypothesis of our survival of death must logically suggest our existence before earthly birth. Since, however, this latter hypothesis is not insisted on (though neither is it denied) by Christian orthodoxy, and has no quite obvious bearing on man's hopes and fears, it has dropped out of common thought, and its occurrence in individual speculation marks a certain disengagement and earnestness of inquiry.

The next main step is represented by "In Memoriam;" and in reading "In Memoriam" it is difficult to realize that the book was written by a young man, some half-century ago; so little is there, in all its range of thought and emotion, which the newest science can condemn or the truest religion find lacking. So sound an instinct has led the poet to dwell on the core of religion—namely, the survival of human love and human virtue—so genuine a candor has withheld him from insisting too positively on his own hopeful belief. In spite of its sparse allusion to Christianity, "In Memoriam" has been widely accepted as a helpful companion to Christian devotion. Is not this because the Christian feels that the survival of human love and virtue—however phrased or supported—is the essence of his gospel too? that his good news is of the survival of a consummate love and virtue, manifested with the express object of proving that love and virtue *could* survive?

It is hardly too much to say that "In Memoriam" is the only speculative book of that epoch—epoch of the "Tractarian movement," and much similar "up-in-the-air balloon-work"—which retains a serious interest now. Its brief cantos contain the germs of many a subsequent treatise, the indication of channels along which many a wave of opinion has flowed, down to the last *Philosophie der Erlösung*, or gospel of a sad redemption—

To drop head foremost in the jaws
Of vacant darkness, and to cease —

which tacitly or openly is possessing itself of so many a modern mind.

Yet "In Memoriam," in spite of all its pregnancy, hardly forms a part of what I have called the prophetic message of Tennyson. He still is feeling for wisdom; he has not reached the point from whence he can speak with confidence and power.

The first words, as I hold them, of the message are presented, with characteristic delicacy, in the form of a vision merely, and in one of the least conspicuous poems. The wife's dream in "Sea Dreams" is an utterance of deep import — the expression of a conviction that the truth of things is good; and that the resistless force of truth, destroying one after another all ancient creeds, and reaching at last to the fair images of Virgin Mother and sinless Babe, is nevertheless an impulse in harmony with the best that those creeds contained; and sheds a mystic light on the ruined minsters, and mixes its eternal music with the blind appeals of men.

But round the North, a light,
A belt, it seem'd, of luminous vapor, lay,
And ever in it a low musical note
Swell'd up and died; and, as it swell'd, a ridge
Of breaker issued from the belt, and still
Grew with the growing note, and when the
note
Had reach'd a thunderous fulness, on those
cliffs
Broke, mixed with awful light (the same as
that
Living within the belt) whereby she saw
That all those lines of cliffs were cliffs no
more,
But huge cathedral fronts of every age,
Grave, florid, stern, as far as eye could see,
One after one; and then the great ridge drew,
Lessening to the lessening music, back,
And past into the belt and swell'd again
Slowly to music; ever when it broke
The statues, king or saint, or founder fell.

But here the subtlest point is that the very lamentations of those who regret this ruin are themselves part and parcel of the same harmonious impulse.

Their wildest wailings never out of tune
With that sweet note

to which the ancient images are crumbling down, and the resistless wave advancing from a luminous horizon of the sea.

Where, then, are we to look for a revelation of the secret which, broadening from its far belt of light, is to overwhelm the limited and evanescent phases of human faith?

The nearest approach to a statement of

creed in Tennyson's poems is to be found in a few stanzas which he read at the first meeting of the Metaphysical Society, the group of thinkers mentioned in his sonnet on the inception of the review in which these pages appear: —

The sun, the moon, the stars, the seas, the hills,
And the plains,
Are not these, O Soul, the Vision of Him who reigns?

Is not the Vision He? tho' He be not that which He seems?
Dreams are true while they last, and do we not live in dreams?

Earth, these solid stars, this weight of body and limb,
Are they not sign and symbol of thy division from Him? . . .

Speak to Him, thou, for He hears, and Spirit with Spirit can meet,
Closer is He than breathing, and nearer than hands and feet. . . .

And the ear of man cannot hear, and the eye of man cannot see;
But if we could see and hear, this Vision — were it not He?

In the "higher pantheism" of these familiar lines, the reader accustomed to the study of religions will seem to recognize that we have come to the end of the story. We have reached the end of Oriental religion, the end of Greek; we stand where stood Plotinus, fusing into a single ecstasy every spiritual emotion of that ancient world.

But to see and to have seen that Vision is reason no longer, but more than reason, and before reason, and after reason; as also is that Vision which is seen. And perchance we should not speak of *sight*. For that which is seen — if we must needs speak of the Seer and the Seen as twain and not as one — that which is seen is not discerned by the seer nor conceived by him as a second thing; but, becoming as it were other than himself, he of himself contributeth nought, but as when one layeth centre upon centre he becometh God's and one with God. Wherefore this Vision is hard to tell of. For how can a man tell of that as other than himself, which when he discerned it seemed not other, but one with himself indeed? *

Or take again the words of Arthur at the end of the "Holy Grail" — the spiritually central passage, so to say, in all the "Idylls of the King" — when that king describes the visions of the night or of the day which come when earthly work is done —

* Plotinus, *Enn. vi. 10.*

In moments when he feels he cannot die,
And knows himself no vision to himself,
Nor the high God a vision;

and compare this with any one of the passages where Plotinus endeavors in halting speech to reproduce those moments of unison whose memory brightens his arid argument with oases of a lucid joy.

And it may be that this was not vision, but some other manner of sight, ay, an ecstasy and a simplicity and a self-surrender, and a still passion of contact and of unison, when that which is within the Holy Place is discerned. . . . And falling from that sight if he arouse again the virtue in him, and perceive himself wholly adorned, he shall be lifted up once more; through Virtue looking upon Mind and through Wisdom upon very God. Thus is the life of blessed gods and of godlike men a renunciation of earthly joy, a deliverance from earthly sorrow, a flight of the One to the One.

To some such point as this, as I have said, the instinct of reverence, the emotion of holiness, must tend to lead souls to such emotions born. And in former times this mystical standpoint seemed in some sense independent of controversy. Historical criticism on the Gospels, geological disproof of the Mosaic cosmogony, scarcely rose into that thinner air. But the assault now made is more paralyzing, more fundamental. For it is based on formulæ which are in a certain sense demonstrable, and which seem to embrace the whole extent of things. The cosmos, we now say, is a system of ether and atoms, in which the sum of matter and the sum of energy are constant quantities. And the cosmos is the scene of universal evolution, according to unchangeable law. Hence it seems to follow that no human soul or will can add a fresh energy of its own; that there can be nothing but a ceaseless transformation of force, which would proceed in just the same way were all consciousness to be removed from the automata who fancy that they direct the currents along which they inevitably flow. It seems to follow, too, that even the highest of these automata have been brought into a momentary existence by no heavenly father, no providential scheme; but in the course of a larger and unconscious process, which in itself bears no relation to human happiness or virtue.

As all this begins to be dimly realized, men may be seen, like ants in a trodden ant-hill, striving restlessly to readjust their shattered conceptions. It is borne in upon them that the traditional optimism of

Western races may be wholly illusory; that human life may indeed, as the East has held, be on the whole an evil, and man's choice lie between a dumb resignation and that one act of rebellion which makes at least an end. And thus, in an age little given to metaphysic, we find pessimistic systems more vigorous than any other, and the intellect of France, Russia, Germany, deeply honeycombed with a tacit despair.

But though pessimism may spread among the thoughtful, it cannot possibly be the practical creed of progressive peoples. They must maintain their energy by some kind of compromise between old views and new; and the compromises which we see around us, though at war among themselves, are yet the offspring of the same need, and serve to break, at different points, the terrible transition. There is the movement which began with Broad-Churchism, and which seems now to broaden further into a devotion to Christ which altogether repudiates the resurrection on which his first followers based his claim to be the bringer of a true gospel rather than the most mistaken of all enthusiasts. And a few steps further from old beliefs stands that other compromise known as Positivism — a religion consisting simply in the resolute maintenance of the traditional optimistic view when the supposed facts that made for optimism have all been abandoned. Never have we come nearer to "the grin without the cat" of the popular fairy tale than in the brilliant paradoxes with which some kindly rhetorician — himself steeped in deserved prosperity — would fain persuade us that all in this sad world is well, since Auguste Comte has demonstrated that the effect of our deeds lives after us, so that what we used to call eternal death — the cessation, in point of fact, of our own existence — may just as well be considered as eternal life of a very superior description.

But although these and similar compromises are only too open to the pessimist's attack, one may well hesitate as to whether it is right or desirable to assail them. Should we not encourage any illusion which will break the fall, and repeat in favor of these fragile substitutes the same reticence which it so long seemed well to use in criticising Christianity itself?

Such, at any rate, is not Lord Tennyson's attitude in the matter. In his view, it seems, these blanched survivals of optimism may be brushed aside without scruple. He is not afraid to set forth a

naked despair as the inevitable outcome of a view of the world which omits a moral government or a human survival; a grave responsibility, which the clear-seeing poet would scarcely have undertaken, had not his own confidence in the happier interpretation been strong and assured.

His presentation of absolute hopelessness is put in the mouth of a man undergoing one of those seasons of unmerited anguish which are the real, the intimate problem with which any religion or any philosophy has to deal.

"A man and his wife, having lost faith in a God, and hope of a life to come" — so run the prefatory words to "Despair" — "and being utterly miserable in this, resolve to end themselves by drowning. The woman is drowned, but the man rescued by a minister of the sect he had abandoned;" and to this minister he describes the reflections of that which had so nearly been his own last hour.

And first of all, and prompting to the suicidal act, was the passion of pity for himself and all mankind — the feeling that there was no hope or remedy except that last plunge into the dark.

But pity — the Pagan held it a vice — was in her and in me,
Helpless, taking the place of the pitying God that should be!
Pity for all that aches in the grasp of an idiot power,
And pity for our own selves on an earth that bore not a flower;
Pity for all that suffers on land or in air or the deep,
And pity for our own selves till we long'd for eternal sleep.

"It seemed to me," says the character in which one of the ablest of our younger writers has expressed her own inward battle, "it seemed to me as if I saw, mysteriously, a new Satan, a rebel angel of good, raising his banners against the Jehovah of evil; a creature like Frankenstein's image, a terrible new kind of monster, more noble than its base maker."* How shall a man avoid such indignant compassion as this? Let him face his own doom bravely as he may, how shall he look complacently on the anguish of others, knowing that for their forlornness there is no pity anywhere save such thin stream as he and his like can give? that there lives, perhaps, no creature wiser or more helpful than himself in the star-sown fields of heaven?

And the stars of the limitless Universe sparkled and shone in the sky,
Flashing with fires as of God, but we knew that their light was a lie;
Bright as with deathless hope, but, however they sparkled and shone,
The dark little worlds running round them were worlds of woe like our own.
No soul in the heavens above, no soul on the earth below,
A fiery scroll written over with lamentation and woe.

"The starry heavens without; the moral law within," — with what an irony must that old formula of august hope strike on a mind like this! "The moral law within:" the inherited instincts which have made my tribe successful among its neighbor tribes, but which simply fail and have no further meaning in this my solitary extremist hour! "The starry heavens without;" appalling spectacle of aimless immensity! inconceivable possibilities of pain! vastness of a universe which knows not of our existence and could not comprehend our prayer!

O we poor orphans of nothing — alone on that lonely shore —
Born of the brainless Nature who knew not that which she bore!

The man and wife bid farewell to each other as the water rises round them.

Ah God, should we find Him, perhaps, if we died, if we died;
We never had found Him on earth, this earth is a fatherless Hell —
"Dear Love, forever and ever, forever and ever farewell."
Never a cry so desolate, not since the world began,
Never a kiss so sad, no, not since the coming of man!

A comparison of these lines with the lines in "The Palace of Art" where Tennyson, still a young man, has painted the soul's last distress, will show how far more awful the world-problem reflected in the poet's mind has become since that earlier day. In "The Palace of Art" the soul which has lived for her own pleasure alone feels herself "exiled from eternal God," severed like a land-locked pool from the mighty movement of all things "toward one sure goal." It is an agony of remorse and terror, but it carries with it a germ of hope. There *is* the goal towards which the universe is striving. There *is* the eternal God. And after repentance and purgation the erring soul can hope to renew the sacred sympathies, and to rejoin the advancing host.

* Baldwin, by Vernon Lee, p. 124.

On the other hand the woe described in "Despair" deepens where that other sorrow found its dawn. There is absolutely nothing to which effort can be directed, or appeal can lie. It is no longer conceivable that any soul, by any action or passion, can alter the immutable destiny which hangs blindly over all.

Yet I must not speak as if those who deem human survival a superfluous consolation had made no effort to meet such crises as that on which Tennyson dwells. I quote a well-known passage in which Clifford has depicted the "unseen helper" who may be looked for when no other help is nigh.

He who, wearied or stricken in the fight with the powers of darkness, asks himself in a solitary place, "Is it all for nothing? shall we indeed be overthrown?" he does find something which may justify that thought [of an unseen helper of men]. In such a moment of utter sincerity, when a man has bared his own soul before the immensities and the eternities, a presence, in which his own poor personality is shrivelled into nothingness, arises within him, and says, as plainly as words can say, "I am with thee, and I am greater than thou." . . . The dim and shadowy outlines of the superhuman Deity fade slowly away from before us; and as the mist of his presence floats aside, we perceive with greater and greater clearness the shape of a yet grander and nobler figure—of Him who made all Gods and shall unmake them. From the dim dawn of history, and from the inmost depth of every soul, the face of our father Man looks out upon us with the fire of eternal youth in his eyes, and says, "Before Jehovah was, I am!"

Yet would not one be in danger of observing that the face of this summarized or composite ancestor was of somewhat too simian a type? Might not "the fire of youth in his eyes" suggest unpleasantly that he had called his descendants into being for reasons quite other than a far-seeing desire that they should suffer and be strong? And if Jehovah and all gods be his fable and his fiction, does that make him a whit more strong to save?

Why should we bear with an hour of torture,
a moment of pain,
If every man die forever, if all his griefs are
in vain,
And the homeless planet at length will be
wheel'd thro' the silence of space,
Motherless evermore of an ever-vanishing
race,
When the worm shall have withered its last,
and its last brother worm will have fled
From the dead fossil skull that is left in the
rocks of an earth that is dead?

"What is it to me," said Marcus Aurelius, "to live in a world without a Providence?" "I live," said Prince Bismarck in 1878, "a life of great activity, and occupy a lucrative post; but all this could offer me no inducement to live one day longer, did I not believe in God and a better future." It is well to quote men like these when one sees the words "morbid" and "unmanly," taking in the Positivist camp the place which the words "dangerous" and "unsound" have occupied so long in orthodox polemics. It is not clear why it should be unmanly to face the bitter as well as the sweet; to see life in a dry light, tinted neither by the sunset rays of a vanishing Paradise, nor by the silvery moonlight of a philosopher's dream.

In Tennyson's view, at any rate, this deliberate rejection of human life as meaningless without a future is not the mere outcome of such misery as that of the spokesman in "Despair." It forms the theme of one of his last and most majestic personal utterances, of that poem of "Vastness," which one may place beside the choruses in the "Ædipus at Colonus," as illustrations, the one of an old man's wisdom in all its benignity, the other of an old man's wisdom in all its authority and power.

The insignificance of human life, if moral evolution be forever checked by death, is no new theme; but it is here enforced as though by Plato's "spectator of all time and of all existence," with a range of view which sees one man's death recall or prefigure, not, as Dido's, the fall only of Tyre or Carthage, but the desolation of entire planets, and the evanescence of unknown humanities in dispeopled fields of heaven. Seen with that cosmic gaze, earth's good and evil alike seem the illusions of a day.

Many a hearth upon our dark globe sighs
after many a vanish'd face,
Many a planet by many a sun may roll with
the dust of a vanish'd race.

Raving politics, never at rest—as this poor
earth's pale history runs—
What is it all but a trouble of ants in the
gleam of a million million of suns?

Stately purposes, valor in battle, glorious an-
nals of army and fleet,
Death for the right cause, death for the wrong
cause, trumpets of victory, groans of
defeat; . . .

Pain that has crawled from the corpse of
Pleasure, a worm that writhes all day,
and at night

Stirs up again in the heart of the sleeper and
stings him back to the curse of the
light; . . .

Love for the maiden crown'd with marriage,
no regrets for aught that has been,
Household happiness, gracious children,
debtless competence, golden mean; . . .

What is it all if we all of us end but in being
our own corpse-coffins at last,
Swallow'd in vastness, lost in silence, drown'd
in the deeps of a meaningless Past?

What but a murmur of gnats in the gloom, or
a moment's anger of bees in their hive?
Peace, let it be! for I loved him, and love him
forever; the dead are not dead but alive.

How else than thus can we now imagine
the cosmic position of man? We have
long ceased to think of him as standing
on an immutable earth, with sun and stars
revolving round his central home. Nor
can we any longer fancy him, as Comte
used to fancy him, housed in the snug
security of his solar system; an unroofed
and fenceless plot, from whence every
moment the irrecoverable sun-rays trem-
ble out into the blackness and are squan-
dered in the gulf of heaven. We must
regard him with foresight of his end; with
such comfort only as we may find in the
thought that other races, powerless as he,
may have been shaped, and may yet be
shaped, from the like clash of atoms, for
the like history and the like doom. Let
these cry aloud if they will into the inter-
stellar spaces, and call it prayer; they hear
not each other, and there is none else to
hear. For in this infinity love and virtue
have no share; they are of all illusions
the most fragile, derivative, evanescent;
they have no part or lodgment in the fixed
reality of things.

And yet this prospect, which is slowly
imposing itself as inevitable, is in reality
but a conjecture like all the rest. Such,
we may admit, must be the universe if it
be reducible to ether and atoms alone; if
life and consciousness be its efflorescence
and not its substratum, and that which
was from the beginning be the lowest and
not the highest of all. But in truth a
reduction of the cosmos into ether and
atom is scarce more reasonable than its
reduction into the four elements, air, water,
earth, and fire. The ancients boldly as-
sumed that the world was made of things
which our senses can reach. The modern
savant too often tacitly implies that the
world is made of things which our *cal-*
culations can reach. Yet this is still a
disguised, a mediate anthropomorphism.
There is no reason to assume that our

calculations, any more than our senses,
have cognizance of any large fraction of
the events which are occurring even in
our own region of time and space. The
notion that we have now attained to a
kind of outline sketch of the universe is
not really consistent with the very prem-
ises on which it is based. For on those
premises our view must inevitably have
limits depending on nothing wider than
the past needs of living organisms on this
earth. We have acquired, presumably, a
direct perception of such things as it has
helped our ancestors most to perceive
during their struggle for existence; and
an indirect perception of such other things
as we have been able to infer from our
group of direct perceptions. But we can-
not limit the entities or operations which
may coexist, even in our part of the cos-
mos, with those we know. The universe
may be infinite in an infinite number of
ways.

Thoughts like these are not formally
disputed, but they are constantly ignored.
In spite of the continued hints which na-
ture gives us to enlarge our conceptions
in all kinds of unlooked-for ways, the in-
stinct of system, of a rounded and com-
pleted doctrine, is apt to be too strong for
us, and a determined protest against pre-
mature synthesis is as much needed now
as ever. Such protest may naturally take
one of two forms. It may consist of a
careful registration of residual phenom-
ena in all directions, which the current
explanations fail to include. Or it may
consist—and this is the prophet's task—
of imaginative appeal, impressive asser-
tion of the need of a profounder insight
and a wider purview before we quit our
expectant attitude, and act as though ap-
parent limitations were also real, or the
universe fathomed in any of its dimen-
sions by human perception and power.
It is in this mood that Tennyson draws
from the standing mystery of a child's
birth the conception of a double, a syn-
chronous evolution; of a past which has
slowly shaped the indwelling spirit as well
as the fleshly habitation. First comes the
physical ancestry:—

Out of the deep, my child, out of the deep,
Where all that was to be, in all that was,
Whirl'd for a million æons thro' the vast
Waste dawn of multitudinous-eddy light.

For thus does the baby's structure remount
to the primordial nebula; the atoms of its
hand have been volleyed for inconceivable
ages through far-off tracts of gloom, and
have passed through a myriad combina-

tions, inanimate and animate, to become the child's for a moment, and to speed once more away.

Out of the deep, my child, out of the deep,
From that great deep, before our world begins,
Whereon the Spirit of God moves as He will —

Out of the deep, my child, out of the deep,
From that true world within the world we see,
Whereof our world is but the bounding shore.

For thus an invisible world may antecede the visible, and an inconceivable world the conceivable; while yet we ourselves, here and now, are living equally in both; though our spirit be beclouded by its "descent into generation;" which, in Plotinus's words, is "a fall, a banishment, a moulting of the wings of the soul."

O dear spirit half lost
In thine own shadow, and this fleshly sign
That thou art thou, who wailest being born
And banish'd into mystery, and the pain
Of this divisible-indivisible world
Among the numerable-innumerable
Sun, sun, and sun, thro' finite-infinite space
In finite-infinite time — our mortal veil
And shattered phantom of that infinite One
Who made thee unconceivably thyself
Out of His whole World-self and all in all.

Is there, then, any hint of a possibility of transcending these contradictory inconceivables? of re-attaining the clearness which is blurred and confused by the very fact of our individuation? of participating in that profounder consciousness which, in Tennyson's view, is not the "epiphenomenon" but the root and reality of all?

A passage in "The Ancient Sage," known to be based upon the poet's own experience, describes some such sensation of resumption into the universal, following upon a self-induced ecstasy.

And more, my son! for more than once when I
Sat all alone, revolving in myself
The word that is the symbol of myself,
The mortal limit of the self was loosed
And passed into the nameless, as a cloud
Melts into heaven. I touch'd my limbs, the
limbs

Were strange) not mine — and yet no shade of
doubt,

But utter clearness, and thro' loss of self
The gain of such large life as match'd with
ours

Were sun to spark — unshadowable in words,
Themselves but shadows of a shadow-world.

This passage raises in the directest form a question which becomes ever more vitally important as external systems of theology crumble away. Can ecstasy ever be a state higher than normal

life, or is it always referable to delusion or disease? Now it is undoubted that the great majority of states of true ecstasy which are now observed occur in hysterical patients, as one phase of a complex attack. The temptation to rank ecstasy on much the same level with hysterical spasm or mutism is naturally irresistible. And yet, as I have urged elsewhere, this is by no means a safe conclusion. A hysterical fit indicates a lamentable instability of the nervous system. But it is by no means certain, *a priori*, that every symptom of that instability, without exception, will be of a degenerative kind. The nerve-storm, with its unwonted agitations, may possibly lay bare some deep-lying capacity in us which could scarcely otherwise have come to light. Recent experiments (especially in France) on both sensation and memory in certain abnormal states, have added plausibility to this view, and justify us in holding that, in spite of its frequent association with hysteria, ecstasy is not necessarily in itself a morbid symptom.

And if we can allow ourselves to look at ecstasy apart from its associations with hysteria and fanaticism — as it is presented to us, say, by Plato or Wordsworth, or, in more developed form (as we have seen), by Tennyson or Plotinus — then, assuredly, it is a phenomenon which cannot be neglected in estimating man's actual or nascent powers of arriving at a knowledge of truth. "Great wit and madness" are both of them divergences from the common standard; but the study of genius may have as much to teach us of the mind's evolution as the study of insanity has to teach us of its decay.

And, moreover, if indeed, as Tennyson has elsewhere suggested, and as many men now believe, there exists some power of communication between human minds without sensory agency —

Star to star vibrates light; may soul to soul
Strike thro' some finer element of her own? —

then surely it would be in accordance with analogy that these centres of psychical perception should be immersed in a psychical *continuum*, and that their receptivity should extend to influences of larger than human scope. And if so, then the obscure intuitions which have made the vitality of one religion after another may have discerned confusedly an ultimate fact, a fact deeper than any law which man's mind can formulate, or any creed to which his heart can cling. For these things, to whatever purport, were settled

long ago; they must be the great structural facts of the cosmos, determined before our galaxy shaped itself or souls first entered into man.

Enough, perhaps, has been said to indicate the aspect in which this great poet's teaching — in itself, no doubt, many-sided, and transcending the grasp of any single disciple — has presented itself to at least one student, who has spared no pains to follow it. As here conceived, it is a teaching which may well outlast our present confusion and struggle. For Tennyson is the prophet simply of a spiritual universe; the proclaimer of man's spirit as part and parcel of that universe, and indestructible as the very root of things. And in these beliefs, though science may not prove them, there is nothing which can conflict with science; for they do but assert in the first place that the universe is infinite in more ways than our instruments can measure; in the second place that evolution, which is the law for the material universe, is the law for virtue as well. It is not on interference but on analogy, not on catastrophe but on completion, that they base the foundation of hope. More there may be — truths holier, perhaps, and happier still; but should not *these* truths, if true they be, suffice for man? Is it not enough to give majesty to the universe, purpose and dignity to life, if he can once believe that his upward effort — what he here calls virtue — shall live and persist forever? "Give her the glory of going on, and still to be."

If there are some who will deem this hope insufficient, there are many more among the disciples of science who will smile at it as an unprovable dream. For my own part, too, I believe that the final answer — and this I say in no unhopeful spirit — must depend on the discoveries of science herself. "We are ancients of the earth;" and if there be indeed an unseen world we assuredly need not imagine that we have yet exhausted our means of discovering it. But meantime we more than ever need our prophets; and the true poet comes nearer to inspiration than any prophet to whom we can hope to listen now. Let his intuitions come to us dissolved in that fusion of thought and melody which makes the highest art we know; let flashes of a strange delight — "like sparkles in the stone aventurine" — reveal at once the beauty and the darkness of the meditations whence the song has sprung. Give us, if so it may be, the exaltation which lifts into a high community; the words which stir the pulse like passion, and wet the eyes like joy, and with the

impalpable breath of an inward murmur can make a sudden glory in the deep of the heart. Give us — but who shall give it? or how in days like these shall not the oracles presently be dumb?

In Tennyson and Browning we have veritable fountain-heads of the spiritual energy of our time. "Ranging and ringing thro' the minds of men," their words are linked in many a memory with what life has held of best. But these great poets have passed already the common term of man; and when we look to the pair whose genius might have marked them as successors, we see too clearly the effect of this "dimness of our vexation" upon sensitive and generous souls. The "singer before sunrise" — capable of so quick a response to all chivalrous ardors — has turned his face from the vaster problems, has given himself to literature as literature, and to poetry as art alone. And he, again, who dwelt with so ravishing a melancholy on eld and death, whose touch shall shrivel all human hope and joy, — he has felt that every man may well grasp with hasty eagerness at delights which so soon pass by for all, and has followed how incoherent an ideal along how hazardous a way!

It seems sometimes as though poetry, which has always been half art, half prophecy, must needs abandon her higher mission; must turn only to the bedecking of things that shall wither and the embalming of things that shall decay. She will speak, as in "The Earthly Paradise," to listeners.

laid upon a flowery slope
 'Twixt inaccessible cliffs and unsailed sea;
 and behind all her utterance there will be an awful reticence, an unforgotten image of the end. How, then, will Tennyson's hopes and visions sound to men, when his living utterance has fallen silent, like the last oracle in the Hellenic world? I can imagine that our descendants may shun the message whose futile confidence will add poignancy to their despair. Or, on the other hand, if indeed the cosmos make for good, and evolution be a moral as well as a material law, will men in time avail to prove it? For then they will look back on Tennyson as no belated dreamer, but as a leader who in the darkest hour of the world's thought would not despair of the destiny of man. They will look back on him as Romans looked back on that unshaken Roman who purchased at its full price the field of Cannæ, on which at that hour victorious Hannibal lay encamped with his Carthaginian host.

FREDERIC W. H. MYERS.

From Open Court.
GENIUS AND PHYSICAL INFIRMITIES.

PSYCHOLOGY is too sadly far from having attained the standpoint of a positive science, to warrant the dogmatism of the materialists who absolutely deny the possibility of enlarging the scope of mental vision by physical artifices, and who think it inconceivable that bodily infirmities could intensify, or, indeed, fail to impair, the vigor of the mind. We must beware, however, of falling into the mistake of confounding the effect with the cause of intellectual energy, in trying to explain the frequent concomitance of genius and disease.

The fiery spirit, working out its way, may undermine the stamina even of vigorous constitutions, and Arthur Schopenhauer goes so far as to consider certain mental gifts absolutely antagonistic to the physical interests of their possessor. "The human brain," he says, "is a parasite which attains an abnormal development only at the expense of other vital organs, and transcendent genius generally precludes the hope of long life, or else avenges its prerogatives in the abasement of the next generation. Nay, even the *lex parsimonie*, nature's thrifty habits, preclude the hope of a simultaneous excessive development of mental and physical vigor. Young apes, in their years of immaturity and helplessness, often amaze the observer by their almost human intelligence and docility; in after years that disposition gives way to stupid truculence, as if nature had deemed it superfluous to lavish intellectual faculties on a creature abundantly able to make its way through life by dint of physical strength." Perfect mental and perfect physical health are perhaps necessary concomitants, but the evidence of biographical records leaves no doubt that abnormal (and especially one-sided) mental pre-eminence is compatible with all sorts of physical infirmities—occasionally even with cerebral disorders. Cromwell and Dr. Johnson often passed weeks in a state of mental despondency bordering on despair. In the case of Swift, Tasso, and Cowper, that disposition became chronic. Rousseau's eccentricities justified the suspicion of madness. Lord Byron's best friends pronounced him unfit for the duties of domestic life. St. Simon was subject to fits of hypochondria, which, at last, drove him to suicide. Fourier, Swedenborg, Luther, and Dr. Zimmermann were troubled with bewildering visions. Julius Cæsar was subject to

epileptic fits. Newton, Pascal, Auguste Comte, Albertus Magnus, and Cardan had periods of mental aberration that terrified their friends with doubts of their mental sanity. Richelieu suffered from hallucinations as strange as that of Nebuchadnezzar; "he would fancy himself a horse, and prance around the billiard-table, neighing, kicking out at his servants, and making a great noise, until, exhausted by fatigue, he suffered himself to be put to bed and well covered up. On awakening, he remembered nothing that had passed." Peter the Great was eccentric to a degree that would have doomed any other man to the insane asylum. Charles XII. of Sweden, Felix Sylla, Mohammed the Second, Haroun Al Raschid, Alexander the Great, and Sultan Bajazet were subject to uncontrollable fits of rage. So were Dr. Francia and the poet Landor. Mozart died of water on the brain; Beethoven was morbidly sensitive and eccentric; Molière was liable to cataleptic fits; Chateaubriand to attacks of the darkest melancholy; George Sand to suicidal temptations. Chatterton, Gilbert, and probably Rousseau, yielded to that temptation. Alfred de Musset and Poe died a drunkard's death, and Donizetti ended his days in a madhouse. Yet all these examples seem to confirm Schopenhauer's theory rather than the hypothesis of Dr. Moreau, who held that genius is merely an incidental symptom of nervous disorders—"a mere allotropic form of that abnormal condition of the nervous centres which elsewhere manifests itself as epilepsy, monomania, or idiocy—the physiological history of idiots being, in a multitude of particulars, the same as that of the majority of men of genius, and *vice versa*." That strange assertion would be sufficiently refuted by the frequent concomitance of nervous disorders and the most commonplace intellectual mediocrity, but also by the still more frequent contrast in the hereditary antecedents of idiocy and genius. Imbecility can nearly always be traced to an ancestral taint of mental unsoundness or vice, while genius springs as often from a lineage of health and physical vigor. Queen Christina's and Marshal Saxe's fathers were stalwart kings; Goethe's and Schiller's, robust burghers of conservative habits. So were Napoleon's, Mozart's, Heine's, Schopenhauer's, Franklin's, Galileo's, Haller's, Herschel's, Newton's, James Watt's, Milton's, Béranger's, Beethoven's; and Vandyc's, Bunsen's, Burns's, and Carlyle's parents were honest peasants. Lessing's

and Addison's were simple country parsons. Schopenhauer's view is still further supported by the genealogical infecundity of genius. Not one of a hundred great statesmen, poets, or philosophers has transmitted his talents to his offspring. As a rule, then, we may assume that disease is far oftener the effect than the cause of abnormal physical vigor; so much so, indeed, that under ordinary circumstances it tends to impair, rather than to promote, the development of inherited talents.

From Chambers' Journal.
MY PET.

IF you were asked, reader, to guess what my pet is, or rather *who* he is — for he is, I hope, important enough to admit of my dispensing with the neuter gender — I am sure you would not succeed in guessing. Well, then, I may as well tell you that he is a small orang-outang, or what should perhaps be more correctly termed a "gibbon." There are not a few who do not know what a gibbon is. Let those in ignorance of what a funny little animal he is, turn to that entertaining work called Wood's "Natural History," where they will find the gibbon most accurately described. At the time, however, that the work alluded to was written, the gibbon of the island of Hainan (in the China Sea) was unknown, and is not therefore described in it. The white-faced gibbon of the Straits is mentioned; but his jet-black relative with bushy hair and handsome face was left out. What a true prize a black gibbon is! Most affectionate in his nature, possessed of a pleasing voice and winning ways, he is truly a good companion.

My office, in the last port where I was stationed, looked over the sea, and had a veranda outside it, which of course was kept sacred. I was sitting one day in my office-chair, looking out over the bay beyond, to collect my thoughts for a despatch then in hand, when I espied a Celestial coming along the veranda with some dark object in his arms, the dark object showing its appreciation of the attention it was receiving by placing two arms of inordinate length round the man's neck. I naturally rose up to see what this phenomenon was, and having been told that it was a rare animal, I at once made overtures for his purchase. As soon as negotiations were concluded, I fastened my purchase — a black gibbon — to my copy-

ing-press, instead of sending him up to my house, being anxious to introduce him myself to my two dogs and to Joseph the cat. I could not entrust a rare animal to my servants, lest the introduction through their agency to Joseph and the rest might result in some disaster. When I fastened the gibbon to the press I took no account of the length of the animal's arms, and I was therefore not a little surprised when a black hand took possession of a red-and-blue pencil and a black mouth began to eat it. Nature is said, in her beneficence, to instruct the lower animals what to eat and what to avoid. That no doubt applies to an animal in the wild state, such animal being directed by instinct where to find an antidote to anything deleterious which it may have eaten. An animal in captivity must, however, be treated differently, and must not be allowed to do as it likes. So I reasoned; and as I had no herb ready to correct the evil which I knew would result from eating a pencil, I proceeded to recover the stolen article. Though my new pet did not mind being touched, though he would jump into your lap and make himself at home, he strongly objected to part with anything which he had once got hold of, and a good deal of diplomacy had to be used before I repossessed myself of the pencil.

Scarcely was this fun at an end, before some black fingers were dipped into the ink; and when the ink was removed out of reach, the gum-bottle was next turned over, the gum being particularly appreciated. Thinking that the animal might be thirsty, I put a saucer of water before him; but though easy to put the saucer down, it was impossible to pick it up again, even though there was not a drop of water left in it. It seemed to me, on reflection, that I had made a bad purchase. I did not clearly see how I was to feed an animal that was so intractable, and I had serious misgivings that my new pet would give me a lot of trouble, and quite likely would die in three months. Monkeys are generally supposed to be troubled either with heart-disease or with consumption, and to endure captivity for a short time only. Thus, I had given my gibbon three months to live, and I fully expected that before four months had passed he would be under a glass case in my drawing-room. I am extremely pleased to say that, at the time I write — more than two years since I purchased him — he is still alive, though I must confess it has not been easy to rescue him from the jaws of death on several occasions.

At first the name of Sambo was given to the gibbon, on account of its jet-black color; then this was changed in course of time to Samuel, the little fellow becoming too respectable to be called Sambo. At the last port at which I was stationed, the lower windows of my dwelling-house were provided with iron bars — about five inches apart — as a protection against thieves. These bars were a great convenience to me, as I could attach Sam to them at meal-times, thus keeping him out of mischief whilst giving him plenty of freedom. The question of feeding Sam was not an easy one to tackle. If we sat down and began eating before he was served, the most noisy protests were made; and when the saucer of rice was put down, there was no one courageous enough to recover the empty saucer. The point was often settled by Sam himself, who, having finished his rice would throw the saucer into the air a few times — catching it very cleverly — and then hurl it away from him. A wooden bowl was found to answer better; but this also received much rough usage, and had to be repeatedly renewed.

One very noticeable feature about Sam was his extreme jealousy. If I stroked the cat in his presence, he used to get into a paroxysm of rage and make great efforts to bite me. He would be almost as much vexed if I patted the dogs. When a guest came to luncheon, he was so angry at the intrusion that he often had to be removed. He would absorb all the conversation until removal, it being quite impossible to keep him quiet. He had a singular objection — he has it now in a mild way — to anything being removed by the servants; and had he been fastened to my chair instead of the window, no plate once put on the table could have been removed. When in the drawing-room with me — and he was often there — he would even fly at my wife if she attempted to touch the tea-things. At this date he has sobered down a good deal; but even now, though a servant may bring me a letter, he must not take away a reply if Sam is with me. He objects to any one coming near me; and if my wife shakes my coat, or even touches my shoulder, he catches hold of her, though now perhaps more in play than in anger.

His disposition has naturally changed during his long captivity, and I am therefore obliged to speak of his actions in the past tense. Sitting up, Sam measures sixteen and a half inches; but his

arms are twenty-three inches long. He is jet black all over, has fur as thick as that of many animals which live in cold climes, and the hair on the top of his head grows up into a point, which naturally enhances his personal appearance. His nose is flat, and is doubtless more useful than ornamental. He has a good voice, and whether he calls out for his food or expresses his delight at seeing you, his notes are equally agreeable. When I take him his bread and milk at half-past six every morning, he shows his gratitude in a queer way; prostrating himself, he makes what no doubt are eloquent speeches in his own language. After he has spoken for some time and made numerous faces, he takes hold of my hand and hugs it. Until he has gone through this elaborate performance, he will not touch his food. Though his diet should consist of rice and fruit only, he often has bread and jam, and too often a slice of cake. He has no objection, moreover, to either rice pudding or plum pudding. When his appetite shows signs of weakness, an egg beaten up in milk revives him; and symptoms of fever call for a little quinine mixed with sugar. I never give Sam *tea*. Tea makes such animals nervous, and has other deleterious effects on their constitutions which need not be particularized here. Orang-outangs taken to Britain are generally dosed with tea on arrival, and are given an inordinate quantity of fruit to eat. Very little fruit is required, and care should be taken not to give too much water. In their wild state, gibbons no doubt eat a large quantity of fruit; but then nature comes to their aid if ill effects arise, and points out to them the herb which will cure them. In captivity, they do not get much exercise, and science can do very little for them when bodily ailments occur.

If Sam breaks loose in the summer, he helps himself liberally to bananas; if his rope gives way in the winter, he makes his way to the drawing-room; there he warms himself, and having done this, he jumps on the sofa, pulls an anti-macassar over him, and goes to sleep.

When I go into the garden, I release him altogether. He jumps from tree to tree, to the great amazement of the Celestials, who watch his movements from hillocks outside my grounds, and occasionally he comes down to have a game with my two pups. It is not a common sight to see a gibbon loose, nor can you always get a picture of a gibbon and a dog rolling over and over each other in play. Perhaps some of my readers may at one

time or another have kept gibbons. If they have, they must have been struck with the singular way in which gibbons quench their thirst. The young gibbon does not put his mouth to the water when he wants to drink; he dips his *left* hand into it and sucks the back of his fingers, the hair which is on them taking up about half a teaspoonful of water at a time. As he grows older, he shakes off this youthful folly, and then dips his head into the water and sucks the fluid up in the same way that a horse does. What the gibbon lives on in his native wilds it is impossible to say; but he evidently has a predilection for spiders' webs. My pet clears away all webs within his reach, and not liking to leave the owners of them homeless, he devours them too. He is very fond of hard-backed beetles; but these delicacies are now strictly forbidden, as they are not calculated to agree with bread and jam or with rice pudding.

It was not an easy matter to keep Sam alive in the tropics; now that he is not only well out of the tropics but in a region where the winters are severe, one may well despair of being able to preserve him. During the twenty-seven months which he has now spent with me, he has been my constant companion. He went with me to the office when I was in the south of China; he goes with me now that I am in the north. In the south he used to pull the hats of my chair-coolies off; here he continues this play, varying it by pulling my hat off and throwing it out of the chair. At the office he constitutes himself my special guardian, making strong protests against any one approaching my desk. He will allow a stranger to go up to him and scratch his head; but he makes the noisiest demonstrations possible if any one ventures to shake hands with me or touch anything on my desk. If I leave my house in the morning without him, he speedily lets me understand how sore in spirit he is, and I have eventually to take him. Sometimes I am reluctant to take him, as he pulls things about at the office, and on the way to the office he swoops down on any fruit which may be within range. If he captures a pear or an apple, he returns with it to the sedan-chair in great triumph, showing as much pleasure in his face, and making as much noise as a child does when given a piece of cake of more than ordinary richness or a lollipop of extra quality. I am so well known here, that itinerant fruit-vendors know where to apply for compensation for thefts committed. There is no ill feeling created; indeed,

there are roars of laughter when the "black monkey," as they term Sam, makes a good seizure. I have to keep a string of "cash" at the office to pay for Sam's depredations.

From Chambers' Journal.

A BORROWED ART.

THE grandest of our modern pageants, the queen's triumphal procession to Westminster in the summer of Jubilee year, is already regarded very generally as mere matter of history; but those fortunate ones who can recall the event as a personal reminiscence will readily allow that among the minor attractions of the princely following, perhaps none exceeded in interest the group of native Indian princes. Calmly and impressively they moved onwards, their gorgeous Eastern attire, richly colored and sparkling with jewels, contrasting sharply with the manly martial dress of Europe's royal sons. Yet was there to the thoughtful something impressive in the very fidelity of those native princes to the traditions of their forefathers. It is well that in life's seething, rushing current there should be here and there still stretches of back-water, where the tides and the winds scarce have power "to make or break or work their will." Such, to the feverish progress of the West, is Eastern conservatism. There, what has been, is; and looking at the dazzlingly arrayed figures of June, 1887, one's thought easily pictured Herod Agrippa as for the last time, long, long ago, he stood forth in the sight of his people clothed in a silver robe "of a contexture," as Josephus tells us, "truly wonderful."

But to return to our subject. Perhaps the owners of those cunningly woven, gorgeously embroidered state robes would have been more than a little surprised had they known that here, in the far-off western island, there existed almost within hail a factory devoted entirely to the manufacture of a thoroughly Hindu speciality—gold and silver thread. Within six miles of London Bridge it lies, a quaint, old-world, brick-and-timber building, with high walls, and a calm, broad belt of water to shut off the busy city world, and a rushing stream to drown the din and turmoil of the "madding crowd."

Perhaps some of our readers may be interested to learn how silver bars can be transformed into gold thread. In the first place the silver is brought from the Bank

of England in cakes, weighing about one thousand ounces. To secure the necessary degree of tenacity, a certain proportion of copper is added, and the alloyed metal, in the form of cylindrical bars, is next thoroughly heated. The hammering process follows; and the bars—originally about two feet in length and two inches in diameter, but now half as long again, and proportionately thinner—are in the next place filed and rubbed until their surfaces are perfectly even. What we may call the second part of the process begins with the laying on of leaf after leaf of gold in the proportion of two per cent. Afterwards, each bar is wrapped in paper and well heated in a charcoal fire. A sort of vice stands ready; and in it, bar after bar as it comes from the fire is fixed and thoroughly burnished. All trace of its silver original has now disappeared, and the bar is ready for conversion into wire. This is accomplished by drawing it from one hundred to one hundred and fifty times through ever-diminishing holes in steel plates; and finally, when the capabilities of this metal have been exhausted, through apertures in diamonds, rubies, or sapphires. The delicate wire thus obtained must now be passed through the steel rollers of one of Herr Krupp's little "flattening-mills." This brings us to the final process—the spinning of the flattened wire round silk, to form the golden thread of commerce. These spinning-machines are worked by water, although two steam-engines are to be found in the factory; for water-power is considered to be more regular and even in its action. There is a small home demand for the round wire for the adornment of epaulets, etc.; but the bulk of the manufactured article finds its way in the shape of silky gold thread to India and the far East generally, where it is converted by skilled native labor into those gorgeous cloths and tissues in which the heart of the Oriental delights.

Have we not here a striking illustration of the superiority of Western thought and enterprise over that of the soft luxurious East? By the aid of machinery and improved methods of working, we are enabled to compete with our Hindu fellow-subjects in one of their specialties despite the difficulties of transit, to say nothing of the expense of transporting goods so great a distance. However surprising the fact,

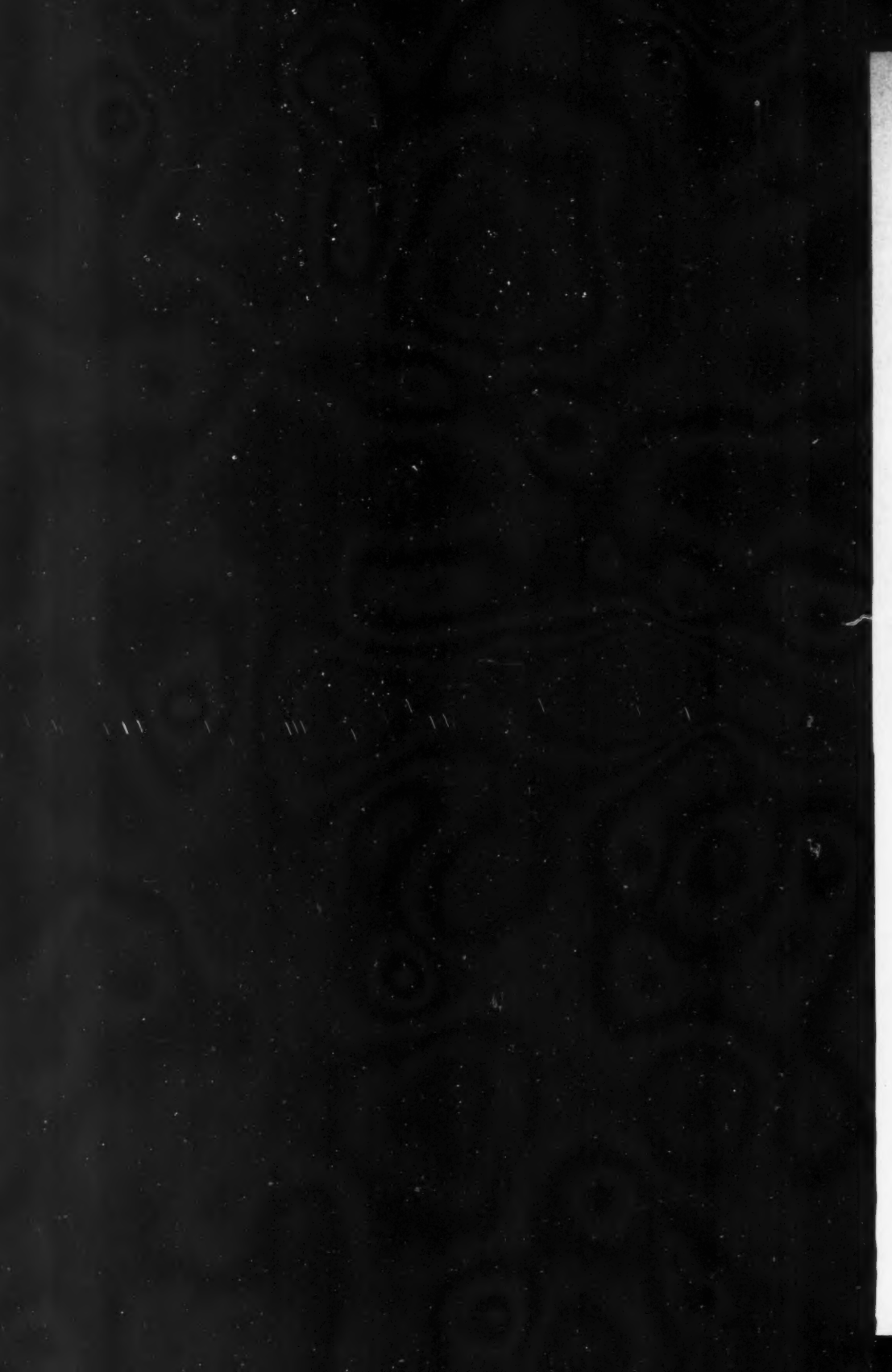
we cease to wonder at it, after being assured that the Hindu with his manual process can only extract eight hundred yards of wire from a piece of silver the size of a florin, which would yield our manufacturers sixteen hundred yards.

What a wonderful property does gold possess in its malleability! It is asserted that every ounce of the bars whose fortunes we have followed with no little interest, each containing only two per cent. of gold, will run to the length of from five hundred to two thousand five hundred yards; and the amazing figure of five thousand yards is on record. This latter thread would be finer than human hair; but the extreme limit is not even yet reached.

There is a tradition telling how an attempt was once made to produce a wire fine enough for use in a transit instrument. A solid gold wire was drawn by means of a copper cylinder to the length of twenty thousand feet to the ounce; but at that point the shadow of a thread fell to pieces, and the astronomer was obliged to resort to his usual spider's web.

One word as to the history of this unique manufacture. It boasts great antiquity, for the ancient Jewish records make mention of "apparel of wrought gold," which was probably identical with the *soneri* or golden stuff of the Hindus. The East was its early and for a long time its only nursery. At length the art found its way to the Continent; and in 1753 a London journal commented on the long-established superiority of the brocade made with the help of gold wire in France. Our neighbors across the Channel kept the secret so well of preparing perforated plates, that for many years we were unable to enter into successful competition with them. British pluck and enterprise, however, succeeded finally in surmounting the difficulty. Plates of the regulation "mixt metal" were obtained, despite the penalty of capital punishment attached to their exportation, and the peculiar composition of them was studied and copied, until England was enabled to add to her long list of manufactures that of gold wire-drawing, which, besides its utility and interesting process, is worthy of note as one of the few remaining commercial links between the busy world of to-day and the dim ages of antiquity.





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